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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Navy Fights

See article and pictures on page 5.

The Front Page

THE point is beginning to be made about Mr. Bracken that he has had no experience in Opposition, having been handed the leadership of the Manitoba Government twenty years ago when he had never sat in a legislative body, and having occupied that position ever since. While this is true, we do not think that the fact need unduly alarm those who have begun to think of Mr. Bracken as a likely "man of destiny" for Canada's next decade or two. We say this in spite of a conviction that a high politician is always much better at his job if he has had—and profited by—some experience in Opposition. For Mr. Bracken is fairly certain to have quite a little of that experience before he leads a Dominion Government; and he is the kind of man who is fairly certain to profit by it.

Mr. Bracken will never achieve his results by means of brilliant personal performances in the House of Commons. But it is not necessary that he should, if he can keep behind him in that House a group of brilliant men who will attend to the personal performance business while he attends to policy and organization. There is already the nucleus of such a group even in the inadequate representation of the party in the present House; Mr. Bracken's function there will be to give it coherence and authority, not to make a personal addition to its debating strength.

Admittedly Mr. Bracken is a slow thinker, and rather a solid and ingratiating than a brilliant speaker. But in this he resembles R. L. Borden much more closely than he does either of the two other notable Conservative leaders of the past forty years. Mr. Meighen's magnificent oratory and rapier-like sharpness did not make him a successful party leader, and Mr. Bennett's determination to do all the parliamentary performing himself ended by making it impossible for him to keep brilliant men in his entourage. Nobody will deny that of the three men Borden was incomparably the best leader.

In one respect, and in one alone, the lack of experience in Opposition at Ottawa will be of benefit to Mr. Bracken; and it may be an important respect. Coming new to the House of Commons, and bringing with him practically no associations from Winnipeg, he has no ready-made affiliations with much older men. In spite of some of the circumstances attending his choice by the Convention, it is impossible to suppose that he will find himself very congenial to, or will associate himself very closely with, the Old Guard of the party at Ottawa. If that Old Guard were notable for political shrewdness this situation might be expected to lose him some valuable counsel; but things being as they are, what he loses in the counsel of the old-timers will be more than made up by a compensating factor.

As a new and unfettered man, Mr. Bracken looks good as a leader to the younger element in the party which has long been dissatisfied with the Old Guard's tendencies. Some of the best of these young men have been unwilling, for several years past, to put themselves up as candidates, even in constituencies where there was a fair chance of election. We look for a great change in this attitude. Even if Mr. King should manage to call an early election in circumstances which make the prospect of his defeat somewhat remote, there will still be a good supply of able and devoted young men ready to participate in the resurrection of the party under Mr. Bracken (and under a distinctly new guise) by leading forlorn hopes in this election in the confident expectation that at the next trial of strength their party will once again take the destinies of Canada under its charge.

BEFORE EL AGHEILA: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH IN SILHOUETTE OF AN RAF DAWN PATROL JUST PRIOR TO THE ORDER FOR ALL-OUT ATTACK ON ROMMEL.

The Beverage Rooms

THAT conditions in some of the licensed drinking places, not only of Toronto but of many of the larger centres in Ontario and other provinces, are far from satisfactory is too well established to admit of dispute. We could wish that the discussion of the proper methods for improving them could be carried on with a good deal less heat and somewhat more light. The situation, which has arisen as a not unnatural concomitant of war conditions, and especially of the transfer of a large part of the population to new locations and the great increase in the purchasing power of the wage-earning classes, has been seized upon by the advocates of complete prohibition as a means of advancing their policy; and people who sincerely believe that complete prohibition is the one remedy for all the evils of alcohol are naturally not much concerned about merely improving the conditions in places where alcohol will still continue to be sold.

The great majority of the beverage-room patrons belong to the wage-earning classes. It is not in the least surprising that, at a time when these classes are both working and earning far more than they have been for years, and are working to a large extent in new localities and at tasks of an arduous and nerve-straining character, they should be seeking relaxation much more than they did five or six years ago. And that, in the main, is what they are doing in the beverage-rooms, in spite of the conviction of the prohibitionists that these places are resorted to for the sole purpose of over-indulgence and licentious behavior.

The result of this natural and in itself not harmful practice is that the beverage-rooms, in places where war industries or establishments of the armed forces have brought in large numbers of outsiders, are much fuller than they used to be. Never very spacious or very attractive, for the simple reason that their owners have never had any assurance of continuity of license, they are now much over-crowded and very uncomfortable, a circumstance which adds much to the difficulty of keeping them orderly and even sanitary. And in this situation, one of the favorite suggestions for improving the situation is to cut down the number of licensed establishments!

This suggestion is not, so far as we have seen, accompanied by any suggestion for the provision of other forms of relaxation, and certainly not by any offer to provide or to secure the capital sums which would be necessary to establish those other forms,—for we must not overlook the fact that social relaxation, for war workers living in lodgings or in crowded tenements and for soldiers on leave, implies a place where they can assemble and be comfortable, and one which is heated, furnished and kept in order.

This is not a problem which can be solved, or even alleviated, by any easy and ready-made solutions designed to catch this or that element of the voting population. It needs the best brains of the best and most broad-minded social workers; it needs constructive ideas; and we venture to think that it needs the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. It is not, moreover, a thing which can be done by mere legislation anyhow.

Parties and Policies

THE Charlottetown, P.E.I., *Guardian* observed last month that "SATURDAY NIGHT does not profess to be Liberal, actually is anti-Conservative and anti-C.C.F." In case this rather unclear description of our periodical should leave some readers in doubt as to our real character we propose to add some clarifying sentences.

We do not profess to be Liberal, for the excellent reason that we are not Liberal. We are not anti-Conservative, in the sense that we are not opposed to the Progressive Conservative party as formed, or re-oriented if you prefer, at Winnipeg. We never have been anti-Conservative, but we have felt, as we think a good many Conservatives have felt, for several years past that the management of the Conservative party has been unwisely administered by those who had control of it, and therefore that there was no particular reason for desiring that the Liberal Government be replaced by a Conservative Government—even if there had at any time during the last few years been any prospect of such a change. As a matter of fact the managers of the Conservative party have during the last three years been advocating, not a Conservative Government, but what they termed a National Government, at first with policies which would have made possible the inclusion of some French-Canadian representation, but after Dr. Manion's resignation with policies which would have made such inclusion impossible. Neither of these projects has particularly appealed to us; we know many Conservatives to whom they did not particularly appeal either, and there seems to be good reason to suppose that they did not particularly appeal to the mass of the electors.

The party has now undertaken the task of preparing itself to form a strong Progressive Conservative Government by the proper and legitimate method of carrying on a strong Progressive Conservative Opposition; and it will have—not certainly our unqualified support in everything it may do, for we have no intention of becoming a party organ of Mr. Bracken's any more than we are a party organ of Mr. King's,—but our freely expressed approval of everything in which it seems to us that it is doing Opposition work that is useful to the country. The fact that the doing of such work will strengthen its claims to be entrusted later on with the task of providing a Government will not deter us in the slightest.

In the matter of the C.C.F. our position is somewhat different. We believe that considerable changes in the economic structure of modern society are inevitable and desirable; but we do not believe in the abolition of competition and of the profit motive, we do not believe that the employment of one individual by another individual or a group of individuals is wrong and

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IRENE BAIRD —*Photo by Karsh*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Novelist Goes to the Films

BY COROLYN COX

IRENE BAIRD has again scored success. Running true to form, she has permitted her alert attention and buoyant enthusiasm to carry her into an entirely new field from anything she has done before, and the very freshness of her approach has enhanced her effectiveness.

Already ranking high among Canadian writers, then a definitely useful member of the rather stirring company that serves our National Film Board, Mrs. Baird is fresh back from a new venture below the border. By way of filling an engagement to tour the U.S. for the American Association of University Women, showing and explaining documentary films, she inadvertently proved herself a topflight public speaker, brought into international relations clarity, sincerity, truth and "zip" as trenchant as the amazing language of her novels. Letters have come pouring back about her from coast to coast of the United States expressing reactions that are an eye-opener to the preoccupied, war-weary inhabitants of the Capital.

There is nothing war-worn nor preoccupied about Irene Baird. She is better for morale—anybody's morale, young, old, civilian or "armed forces"—than a vitamin shot in the arm. She achieves her energizing effect by no Pollyanna method. In her astringent novel, "Waste Heritage", by way of giving Canada the true picture of its unemployed youth, she put down on paper the strongest—not to say the foulest—language that has been published in the Dominion. Today, since she has the courage to face the truth, unblurred by wishful thinking and evasion, her voice rings true when she tells her audience either side of the line that every one of us must be stirred by the tremendous horizons on to which Canada and the United States are facing.

Mrs. Baird's way of facing her own living has a great deal to do with her convictions about international thinking. Born Irene Todd, in the town of Carlisle, Cumberland County, England, she learned early to make use of her own thinking apparatus. Her father is one of that vanishing type of "elder statesman" who believed in bringing up children on public affairs and political comment, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Lancashire Post*. Irene being his only child, he concentrated upon her mental and physical development the zeal he would have expended on his sons.

Good English schools, quips Irene Baird, can be good for nothing—you can pay a lot and have them teach you not a thing, except games. But Irene herself is the best argument any enraged English headmistress could produce to refute this insult. Her mother started her off with exactly the educational routine to which she takes avid exception. She was first governessed at home, then sent to two topflight boarding schools. The second one was very smart, with a high standard of games—played Roedean at hockey and lacrosse. Irene loathed the place, and escaping from it via whooping cough in her sixteenth year, decided just to stay at home.

Fly Fishing Father

Mr. Todd was after all no person to criticize his child. He owned a fine woollen mill up there in the north of England, kept it well run in the hands of a good manager, but really did not care about running a woollen mill himself. Fly fishing was, as a matter of fact, his chief interest, next to politics—perhaps in a photograph finish it would show a thread ahead of politics, since it shaped the course of his and Irene's life. He heard tell of super-super fly fishing that could be found on Vancouver Island on the west coast of Canada, came out to see whether the rumor could be true, found it was, and that was that. The Todds acquired a little fishing place, settled down at Qualicum, up the Island from Victoria.

What Irene did was almost immediately to marry a Scot, Robert Baird, and go over to live in Vancouver. She was "just a gal" when Ronny was born. She is still just a gal, now that her son at eighteen is finishing school in Vancouver and daughter June of fourteen has come to Ottawa when mother took her war job.

Go through life with a chuckle and never let it beat you, is Irene's philosophy. She wasn't going to let the fact that she was always hard up for cash spoil her family life. Home in Vancouver was the centre of things, and always full of other people's children as well as her own. If she was going to get mixed up in the kitchen, she said, she would never get her head above water anywhere else. She therefore always kept not so much a maid as a series of "family buttresses", individuals more than human and beyond praise, who were apparently stimulated to incredible zeal for their all-inclusive work—including the eternal presence of everybody's children. That wise and tolerant pair, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Ewing, steadfastly impressed upon Irene that there was something inside her head that she ought to get down on paper.

The Three Novels

Mrs. Baird as a writer seems to have begun at the top and leapt from peak to peak. Her first sale was an article for *Good Housekeeping* for which she was paid $150. But the leaping from peak to peak effect results from her attitude toward the hard and stoney climb up from deep valleys. When things are blackest, says she, is the time to jump right in as though they were never better. When the manuscript of her first novel, "John", languished with a publisher's agent in New York who spoke of some day suggesting alterations to make it fit for publication, Mrs. Baird turned to newspaper articles, sold five, and when the sixth was returned, considered she had failed at articles. This, then, was the obvious time to rewrite "John", so why wait for the agent's ideas when she had a brain of her own? She did "John" right over, from beginning to end.

Along came a publisher's traveller with the first copies of "John", took the young authoress out to dinner in Victoria, where she was then living, in order to explain to her that nobody ever bought books by Canadian authors, and she must not go about complaining at the booksellers for not putting her brain child in the front row, must not worry and not expect to make any money. With his mournful blessing, he departed back to Vancouver, then called her up from that city at three in the morning, wildly excited. Hudson's Bay Company had "discovered" her, was bringing "John" on the market with a bang, a window full of her and the first Canadian author's autograph day was arranged.

End of 1938 brought the converging of unemployed men on Vancouver, the sitdown strike, riots and a Canadian tragedy. Irene decided to write a book about that day in Canadian history. She made a first hand study, got herself taken among the men by the doctor who cared for them, read everything that was written in the press, interviewed everybody, got to the heart not only of the strikers but of those of differing opinion, spent six months producing "Waste Heritage", every moment in fear lest someone else beat her to market with the story. No-one, apparently, thought of it. First of its kind, "Waste Heritage" gave Mrs. Baird a permanent place in Canadian letters and public opinion.

Last spring came, "He Rides the Sky", completing a trio each as different from the others in subject matter, style and color as could be imagined. Mrs. Baird has captured forever the spirit of the youth who are saving civilization in this last volume, her tribute to the lads of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Thereafter came, in passing, "The North American Tradition", in the Macmillan War Pamphlets series. Last February John Grierson collected her for the Film Board, characteristically pushed her off the end of the pier in his organization and found that she could swim.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Wheat Plank at Winnipeg

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

UNDER the heading of "Progressive Conservatives on the Middle Road" Mr. Armour Mackay in your edition of December 19 says:

"What of Wheat? Did the eastern delegates really accept the principle of parity, and a stated price? This was the one point on which the convention did not reach agreement, which will have to be worked out in local discussions. The fault is that of Mr. H. R. Milner, of Edmonton, the joint general chairman. It will be well for Canada if the fact is recorded now. Due to his mishandling of the main policy session, many of the delegates and of the press did not know the meaning of the wheat vote when it was taken. Over a clamor of protest and over a personal appeal by W. L. Fraser, president of the Nova Scotia party association, Mr. Milner choked off debate by adjourning the session, and did not re-open the subject later."

The foregoing shows the most complete confusion on the part of Mr. Mackay.

The questions of parity prices and stated prices were not dealt with in one resolution but in two.

There was not "a main policy session" but three.

The debate which it is said I choked off dealt with stated prices and not with parity prices.

The statement that the debate was choked off and the subject was not re-opened later is not correct.

Mr. Fraser is not "president of the Nova Scotia party association" but is the leader of the provincial party in that province.

So that the record may be perfectly clear I will briefly state exactly what happened. The resolution in favor of parity prices was adopted by the Convention. Subsequently another resolution in favor of fixed prices for wheat was moved. Upon the question being called I put it to the Convention on a show of hands. It was carried by a large majority and I so declared. Some of the delegates then demanded that the vote be taken again, which suggestion I rejected and as the time for the noon recess had arrived I adjourned the meeting. In the afternoon some of the delegates questioned the correctness of my ruling during the morning session and appealed to the Convention. The Convention upheld the ruling of the chair and the matter then ended. At no time was there a motion for reconsideration.

Edmonton, Alta. H. R. MILNER.

We have to record the fact that several Eastern delegates whom we have seen are almost as dissatisfied as Mr. Mackay with the handling of the wheat plank resolution. They are not satisfied that the fixed price resolution was really supported by a majority of those voting. The question is now academic.—Ed.

"Bracken or Nothing"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR article in your issue of December 26 might have prompted Freud to remark that the delegate whom you quote at length probably was trying to square his conscience for having broken a pledge to vote for and support another candidate.

On the basis of the speeches on nomination night, anyone but Bracken should have been the choice. Stevens made the best speech, but I was under the impression his candidature was merely his method of reading himself back into the party. I agree as to Diefenbaker; it looked like a speech that had been practised before a mirror. Your informant unkindly omitted to mention Green's physical collapse. MacPherson hardly could have been expected to do himself justice; he had to follow Green immediately. It was the fifteenth speech of the evening and his and the audience's thoughts were with the recumbent Green backstage.

Bracken's speech accepting the nomination for leader of the National Conservative party was incomparably the worst of the fifteen delivered that night. Speeches at the nomination meeting for reeve and council of Birdseye Center hardly have been worse except as to grammar.

It is my opinion that if the vote had been taken immediately following the speeches, MacPherson would have won on the basis of what he had said, and his personal integrity and his record as an administrator in his own province.

Bracken won on propaganda. The junta spent a busy night and morning. By ten the next morning the professional politicians were telling the innocent delegates that Bracken's speech, while dull, had been "clever." The French-Canadian delegates had been shown the white nightshirt of the Ku Klux Klan as a reason for condemning MacPherson, although his crime, as a one-time Attorney-General of Saskatchewan, was to enforce a law that the only emblem to be displayed in or over a public school should be the Union Jack.

So far as I could discern, Bracken got no prairie support except in Alberta. He was elected by Ontario and Quebec delegates—especially by the professional politicians accustomed to doing what they're told.

Bracken's speech following his election was very much better. I support him because he is evidently intending to fight the war — and bureaucracy too.

ANOTHER DELEGATE.

Those "Time" Covers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BANDY-LEGGED P. I. Prentice has read with real appreciation your November 21 editorial.

And just by way of ending the old year right—I would like to set your mind at rest on two points:

In the first place, we did not scrap 1,300,000 copies each of three successive covers. The changes came so fast that the total paper waste on *all* the changes combined came to only about 1/10th of 1% of our yearly paper consumption;

In the second place, every last scrap of our plant waste of paper goes right back to our paper mill to be made up into fresh paper for us, so no pulp waste at all was involved.

New York City. P. I. PRENTICE.

In case some of our readers have forgotten, when we called the publisher of *Time* bandy-legged on November 21 we explained that we had no reason to suppose that he was bandy-legged and only called him so because it sounded nice and *Time*-like.—Ed.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

should be prohibited, and in general we do not believe in many of the features of universal state socialism as it is more or less frankly proclaimed by its advocates. We believe that the C.C.F. has hitherto performed very useful functions as the mouthpiece and defender of the weaker classes of our society. But we should be sorry to see it entrusted with the responsibilities of carrying on the government of this country, and particularly of carrying it on with the enormous added responsibilities of actually managing the country's industry and commerce, as its doctrines would require it to do. To that extent the Charlottetown paper may be justified in describing us as "anti-C.C.F.", though we think the present Parliament would be poorer for the loss of several of its C.C.F. members, and our belief in democracy compels us to hold that the electors of several Ontario provincial ridings are entitled to representation in the Legislature even if they are likely to return C.C.F. candidates.

Native Sons Again

"BY NOW it is obvious to many people interested in the problem," writes Past President Thornton Prosser of the Native Sons of Canada in the current issue of *The Native Son*, "that it is impossible, and what is more, undesirable, to make the offspring of Serbians, Poles, Lithuanians into Canadians." What we are to make them into, if they happen to be in Canada, is not quite clear. Mr. Prosser wants us "to help them become real men and women within the pattern of their own culture." That would not, to us, be incompatible with making them into Canadians, but to Mr. Prosser it evidently is. About the Poles, Serbians and Lithuanians who are still in Europe he is even more uncompromising. "Let European masses for a time stay where they are without chance of escape—let them bring their social, economic and political crisis to a head and solve their problems while we solve our own." They will, so far as Mr. Prosser is concerned, have to learn to be real men and women not only within the pattern of their own culture but also within the boundaries of their own lands.

We are not, as most of our readers are aware, among the people to whom it is "obvious" that it is impossible to make the offspring of Serbians and Poles into Canadians. Neither, apparently, are all the members of the Native Sons of Canada, for in the same issue of their monthly we read a contribution by Bro. E. J. Thomas deploring the habit of looking upon Canadians of foreign descent as foreigners, and even expressing the desire that "with their sincerity proven we should encourage them to join the Native Sons of Canada,"—a thing which they will do, we judge, only over the Past President's dead body.

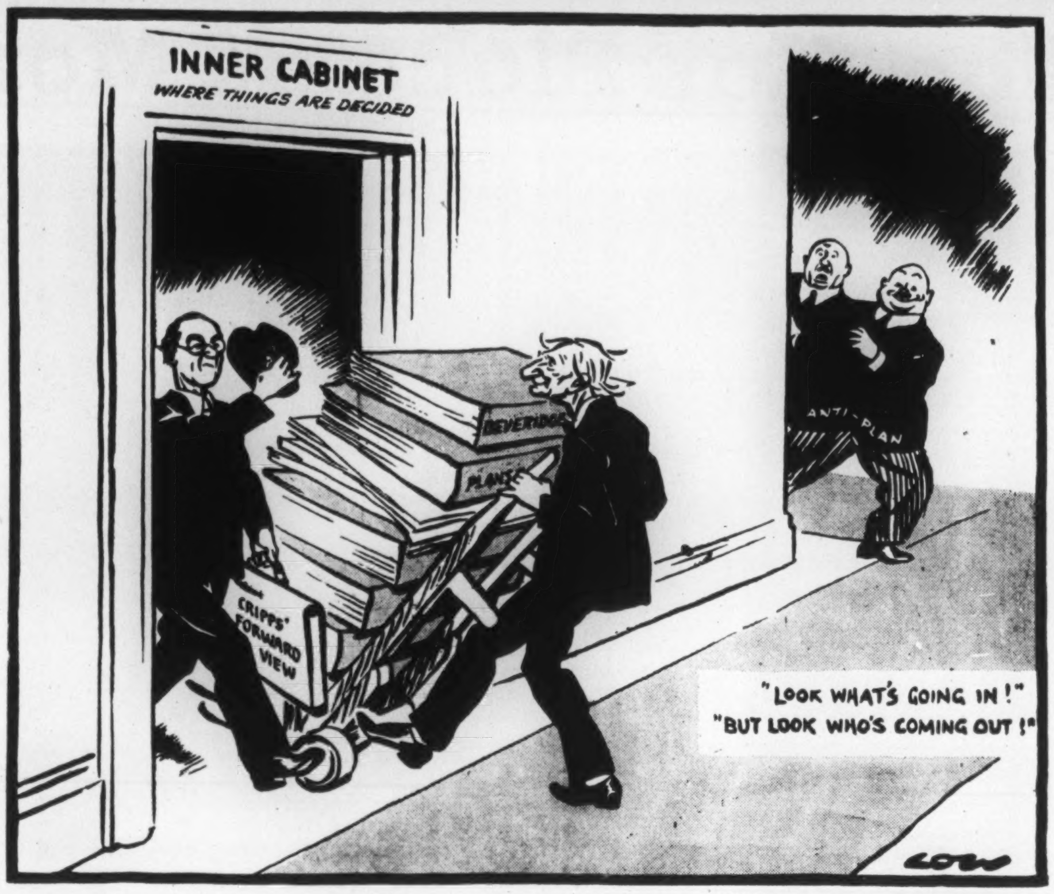
These are days in which, in spite of the barriers set up by a strange language, social and economic disabilities, slum-bred diseases and ill-health, and all the other things which so deplorably separate the New Canadian from the Old Canadians, thousands of these "offspring of Serbians, Poles and Lithuanians" are fighting or preparing to fight, dying or ready to die, for Canada in the Canadian armed forces. These are days in which the very right of Canadians, Native or otherwise, to occupy and own and administer the vast territory which was secured and held for them by the fighting men of Britain and France during past centuries is in question, and is being fought for all over the world by an alliance in which Serbians, Poles and Lithuanians are associated with Russians, Chinese, Dutchmen, Americans, and some purely volunteer Irishmen. That in a time such as this Mr. Prosser should assert a doctrine which is scarcely to be distinguished from the Herrenvolk doctrine of the Nazis is astonishing. There have been times when we regretted that we were not eligible for membership in the Native Sons of Canada; but until that society makes up its mind between the doctrines promulgated by its Past President and those of other members writing in its official publication we shall pigeonhole that regret without a sigh.

SIMPLICITY

NOT too fine language is it best to choose.
Nor link high-sounding words vehemently.
The times press hard on us; at times we see,
For otherwise they blind us and confuse.
We cannot face the arguments men use
To blast the faith we held from infancy;
Though to their blandishments we bend no knee
We are not free of their relentless views.

No new thing,—life. Nor doubt, nor faith!
Step out upon the wind-swept earth.
God speaks as ever in the zephyr's wraith,
The light, the rising buds, the year's re-birth.
The Power that planned the universe still plans,
Hampered perhaps, but undeterred by word of man's.

EMILY LEAVENS.



Communist Aldermen

THE Communist party distinguished itself (in spite of the fact that it does not legally exist) by electing both its candidates to the Toronto City Council last week, one of them obtaining about twice the vote polled by the other elected alderman in his ward. This does not of course indicate that the party can claim anything like a majority of the electorate even in these two wards; it indicates merely that its followers work at the business of getting out the voters while the rest of the citizens abdicate their functions—as they have been doing in regard to municipal affairs for many years. It is becoming somewhat absurd to leave the affairs of a great city to be settled every year by about one-fifth of the voters and to go on pretending that it is governed by democratic principles.

Both the elected Communists were able, industrious and sympathetic aldermen before they were interned and will no doubt prove so again. The intense anxiety of the party to get its most able members into every position of vantage that they can lay hands on, both in political life and in labor organizations, is not hard to explain in view of the critical nature of the times which are approaching.

Ministers Must Rule

UNDER the rather charming heading of "Our Bashful Bureaucracy" Professor R. MacGregor Dawson of the University of Toronto, one of our most helpful thinkers on public affairs, has contributed to the Winnipeg *Free Press* an article in which he makes very clear the difference between the traditional civil servant, concerned only to carry out the policies of the Government which he serves, and the new type of administrators brought in by the exigencies of war and for the most part quite unfamiliar with the proper limitations of a mere agent of the Government as distinguished from the Ministers and the Government itself. Professor Dawson suggests that the Government does not greatly mind the adventurous habits of these interim civil servants, because when their experiments are popular it can take the credit to itself and when they fail it can dump the experimenter on the waste-heap with no such disturbance to the processes of administration as would occur if he were a deputy minister of the ordinary kind. "It would be most unfair to accuse the Cabinet of deliberately planning such tactics; but one suspects that events, though unpremeditated, sometimes follow in that unhappy sequence." He makes the further interesting comment that the magnificent "press" which these gentlemen receive on their appointment is largely due to the news-hunger of writers who have been deprived for months of "the zest of the parliamentary combat," and who have to find something to stimulate their jaded readers with.

Professor Dawson has no doubt of the unhealthy effect of such conditions on our democratic process, and thinks, with Mr. Bracken, that the need for them could have been obviated by much better devices for relieving the Ministers of their excessive burden of work and responsibility, such as the creation of parliamentary under-secretaries and of a small non-administrative War Cabinet. He notes that the Government has already had to protect itself against the results of excessive use of power by controllers, as in the case of the latest order-in-council on the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, which recites that "The Board shall keep the Minister advised of the principles it is following in exercising the powers conferred upon it by these regulations, and shall refrain from doing all such things as the Minister may, in writing, from time to time direct." We find the English of this document a trifle ambiguous, but its intent is plain. It means that whenever he feels like doing so Mr. Ilsley can send somebody to find out what Mr. Gordon is doing and tell him to stop. It is a proper arrangement. Mr. Ilsley was put where he is by the people; Mr. Gordon—excellent man that he is—was only put there by Mr. Ilsley.

What's Doing at Sea

FOR once the Silent Service is going vocal. An exhibition setting forth in great detail the work of the Canadian Navy was opened in Toronto on January 4, and after two weeks in the Robert Simpson Company's display-building on Richmond Street, will move on to sixteen Canadian cities from coast to coast.

It is to be an eight-months show, built on the intelligent idea that the people of this country have a right to know all about the great achievements of our warcraft and the gallantry and resource of the men on board. A Christmas message of congratulation from the British Admiralty had just come to the officers and men of the Canadian Navy "who have borne without intermission so great a share in the common struggle." The nature of that share the public is about to learn.

A small admission charge will be made, the receipts going, properly enough, to the Navy League of Canada which organized the exhibition and has arranged the itinerary.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Russians are now attacking on five fronts, and the democracies are doing a bit in Tunisia. So we expect at any moment to hear a cry for a Seventh Front.

•

This meat shortage is nothing to beef about.

•

Remember the days when Mitch used to reverse himself on really important things, like bans on Lieutenant-Governors?

•

It is not permitted to move elephants about the streets of London, England, during the blackout. Thus does bureaucracy trample on our cherished freedoms.

•

The food control may not always be intelligent, but you can't say it's not rational.

•

Threnody

(For the Ontario Liberal Songbook)

We've been together now since 'thirty-four,
And the joke has been long and rich,
For not a leader who has gone before
Was as 'cute as our dear old Mitch!

•

Motto for the new food campaign might be Nutrition prevents contrition.

•

Add dangerous occupations: Quisling in the dark.

•

If it is more democratic to vote than not to vote, the Canadian Communists are the best democrats we have.

•

Well, will we win the war by watering the whisky?

•

Short poem for the use of German troops on the Russian front before sitting down to their meal of horsemeat:

Heil Hitler!
Vile victualler!

•

Useful things those taxicabs used to be, eh?

•

Ontario's liquor revenues are running alarmingly low. Why not tax everybody who hasn't got a permit two dollars for being a total abstainer?

•

A municipal voter is a person who doesn't vote when there is a municipal election.

•

Experts are agreed that Germany has lost the initiative. Personally we think she wore it out by working it too hard.

•

The *Canadian Statesman* of Bowmanville thinks that Mr. King would like to have Mr. Bracken as his successor. Mr. King usually gets what he likes.

•

The Brat

He is a perfect nuisance, drives his mother nearly mad.
He's just the type psychologists have said will turn out bad.
The other parents brag and say their children aren't like that;
And so I'm forced to recognize my offspring is a brat.
But I would never like to see them change the pesky lad.
No Sir. He suits me as he is. They say he's like his dad.

NICK.

The Canadian troops are said to be asking for calendars. They want to figure out how many days they have left to finish up the war in 1943.

•

One year ago today the Japanese were pouring into the Philippines. One year after today the Japanese will be being sorry that they poured into the Philippines.

•

I am puzzled and I seek a
Reason why they say Af-ree-ka
When they talk of Rommel's Corps that's on the run,
Though I've never heard a speaker
Hint that it's the Amer-eeka
Corps that's saying "Queeker, queeker" to the Hun.

•

If Hitler is wise he will make it unlawful to mention 1918 in Germany.

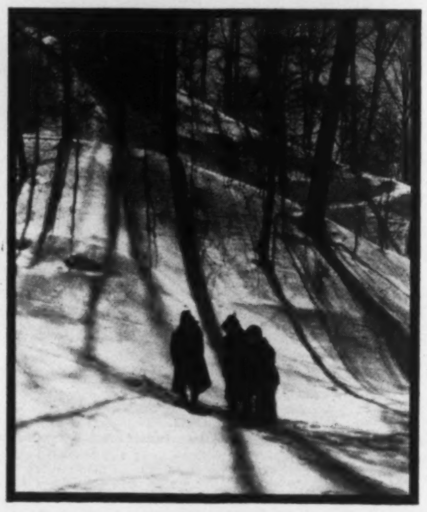
•

Moscow has just opened a four-mile extension of its subway. It may not be much use for transport at the moment but it must be fine to sleep in.

Photo Art, Too, Has Place as Morale-Builder

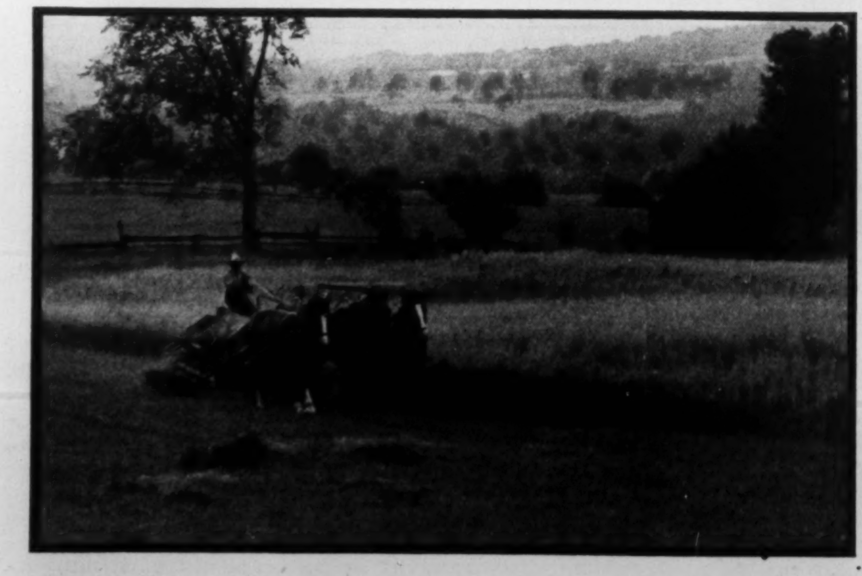
A Byway — H. D. Storms.

Portrait of a Flower—
Vincent De Vita.



Lost in the Woods—
D. Claude MacDonald.

Near Bracebridge — Murray Laurie.



So Shall Ye Reap — A. F. Grant.

By Lucy Van Gogh

ONE of the outstanding differences between this and any previous war is the amount of attention that is being paid now to the aesthetic and intellectual needs of those who are taken away from their customary surroundings to help in the task of overcoming the enemy.

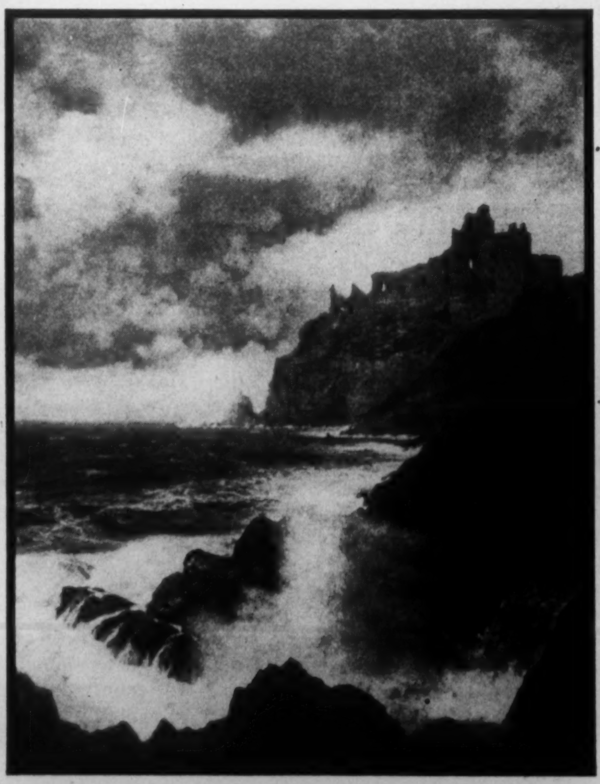
All sorts of organizations are participating in this work of sustaining the interest and the morale of the fighting forces and the war workers. Art has for some time been recognized as a most valuable morale-builder, and artists of many kinds have lent a hand.

The photographers—or, to use a better term, the photographic artists — are now getting into the game also. A lead has been given by the Pictographers Society of Toronto, a small group of professional men who have a common interest in the hobby of photography, and who have recently presented to the National War Services Committee of the Y.M.C.A. a collection of sixty framed photographs for exhibition in certain stations manned by members of the Canadian armed forces. This collection was accepted on behalf of the Committee at New Year by His Excellency the Governor General.

The National Committee is under the chairmanship of James Y. Murdock, K.C., with John W. Beaton as its senior secretary. Its function is to look after the welfare of the men stationed in camps and outposts in Canada and abroad. It has under its charge 562 centres, ranging from the largest permanent encampments to small forts, outposts and A.A. batteries along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, along with naval units ashore and afloat.

Of these the coastal stations present a special problem because of their isolation, which adds to the difficulty of providing adequate means of off-duty relaxation and entertainment. But the men who defend these vital and distant outposts have a special claim on the services of the Committee. Their job of watching is a twenty-four-hour-a-day assignment, involving a continuous nervous tension of the kind which is very hard to bear for an active man, and they are constantly reminded that they are in a strange world, far from the home and friends and normal surroundings which have made their past life happy.

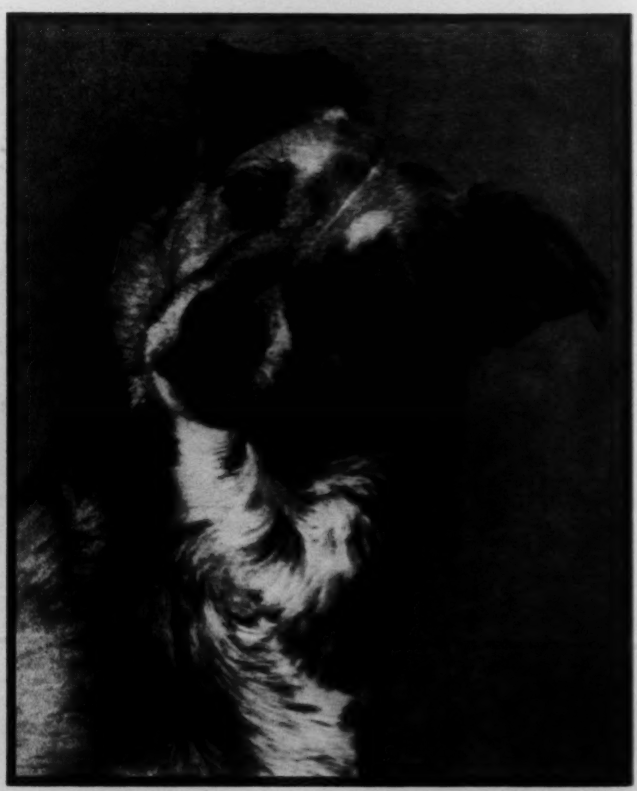
The sixty pictures presented by the Pictographers are being circulated among these remote stations, in the belief that they will help to solve this problem, to brighten the living quarters of the men, and to bring them a touch of beauty and a suggestion of old familiar scenes. To those among the men—and they are not a few—who have had some experience themselves of the delights and problems of photography, the exhibition will be specially interesting, because it contains examples of the way in which experienced artists have dealt with many of these problems. To encourage this interest the Pictographers have formed a permanent committee to act as advisers to any members of the Armed Forces who care to consult them on matters relating to photography.



After Many a Storm — Andrew McDougall, A.R.P.S.

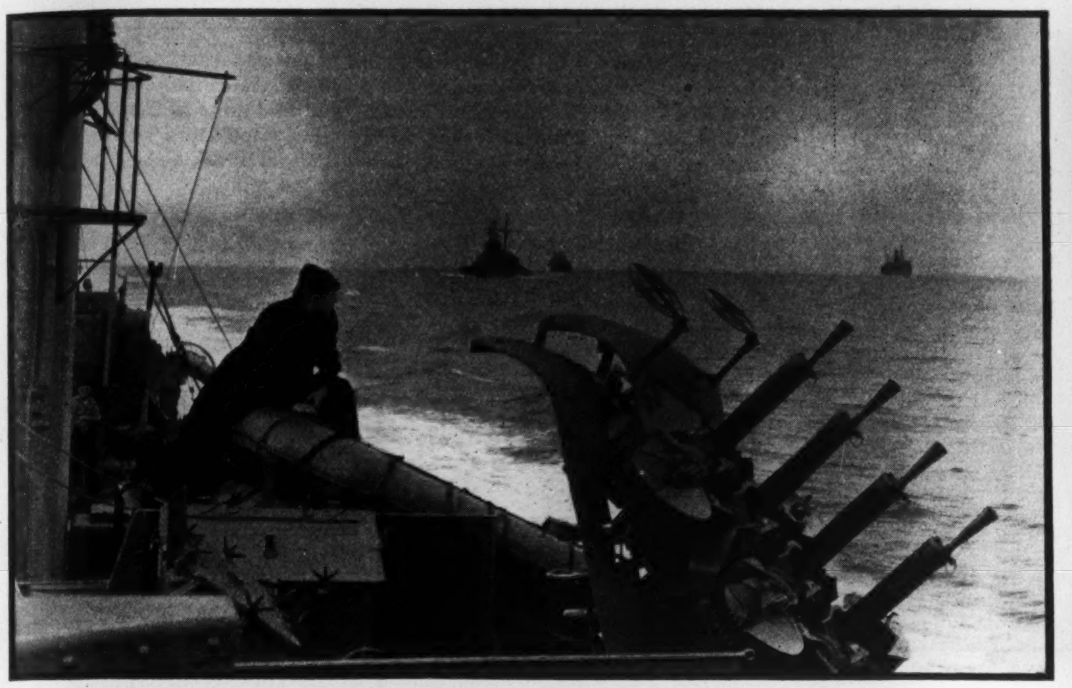
Bloom of Youth — K. C. McClelland.

Home in the Valley — R. M. Collins.

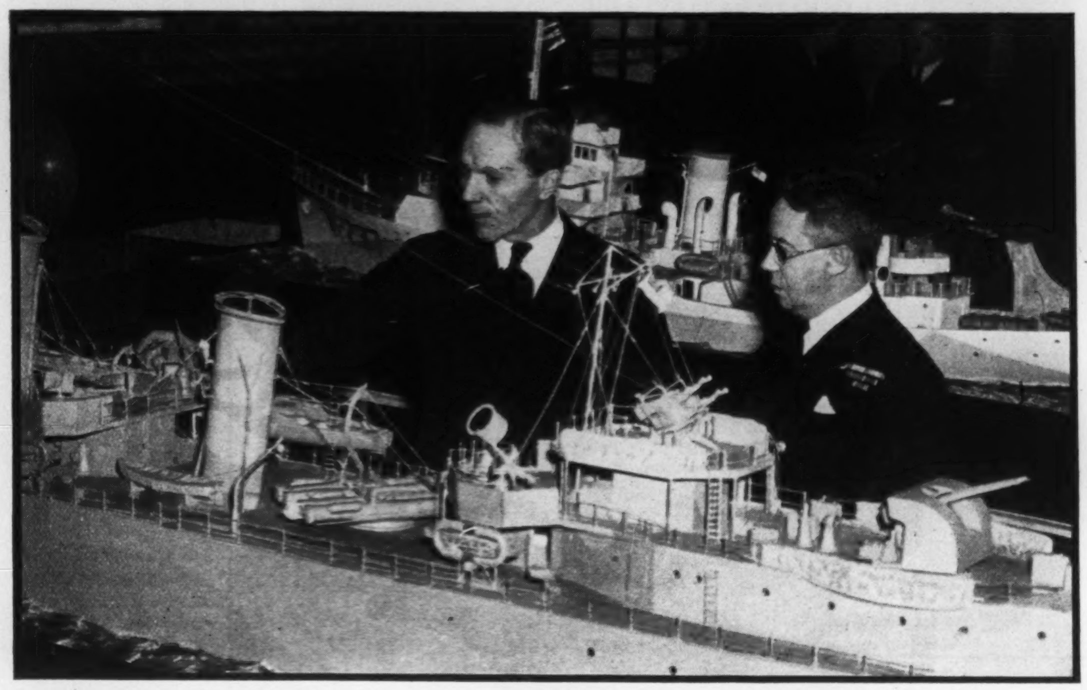


Kim — E. R. White.

Here Canadians May See How Their Navy Fights



A multiple .5 machine gun on a Canadian destroyer—part of her ack-ack protection.



Hon. Angus Macdonald and Vice Admiral Nelles examine scale model of destroyer at show.

Oerlikon gun, featured at the Naval Exhibition, is here shown under active service conditions.

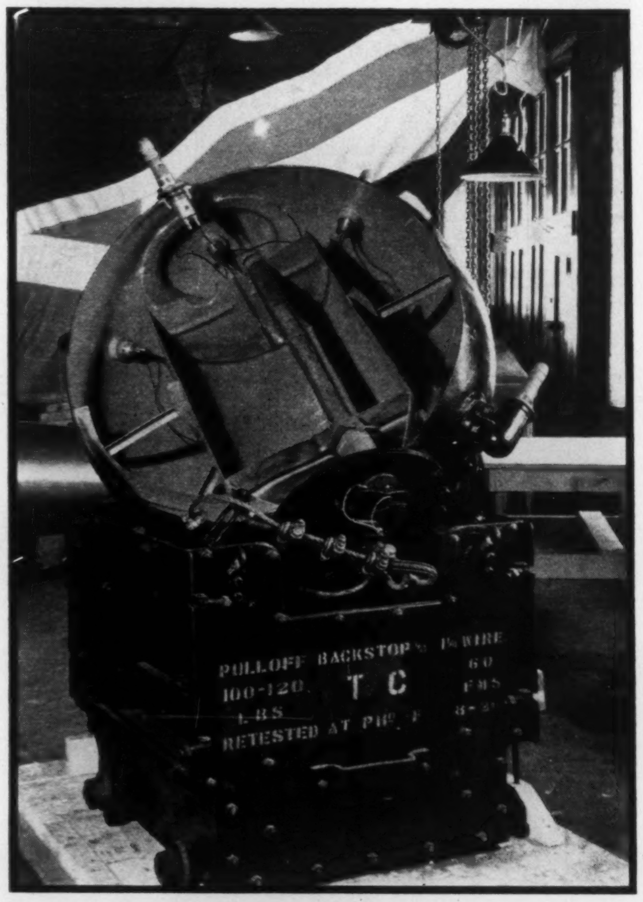
By Frances Turner

NO matter how far inland they may live, Canadians are now going to get a chance to see a little of what their Navy is doing. Within the next eight months, many hundreds of thousands of them will have learned to distinguish between a corvette and a tribal destroyer, to recognize a "paravane", to gain some insight into the work and every-day life of the men of the Royal Canadian Navy. All this because in eight months a very comprehensive show, the Canadian Naval War Exhibition, will have toured Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, visiting sixteen key cities on its travels.

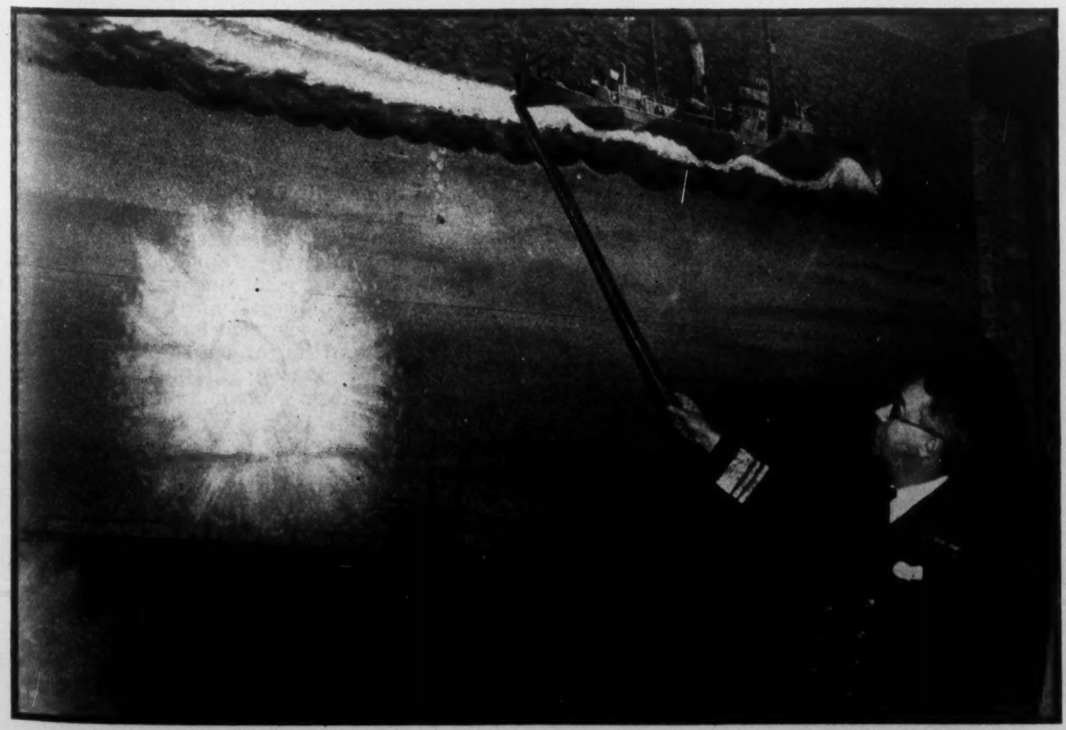
The exhibition has been prepared by the Exhibition Commission of the Department of Trade and Commerce (which in peacetime sent shows from Canada to the World's Fair, to the Paris Exposition, to the other great fairs of the world). The tour began this week in Toronto at Simpson's Special Exhibition Showroom, Richmond Street West. The Honourable Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services and the Honourable James A. Mackinnon, Minister of Trade and Commerce, opened the Exhibition in the presence of Vice-Admiral Percy W. Nelles, Chief of Naval Staff, and many other distinguished guests.

The show, prepared under the guidance of the Navy itself, is well worth visiting. Navy life has a fascination all its own and here the veriest landsman can get a real grasp of what it involves. Everything is here . . . everything from an 18-foot working model of a "Tribal" class destroyer (Canada's newest and most deadly ship of war), working models of corvette, motor torpedo boat and even submarines to the real thing in the shape of torpedoes, guns and paravanes. Blow-up photographs and vivid oil paintings of ships in action round out the picture.

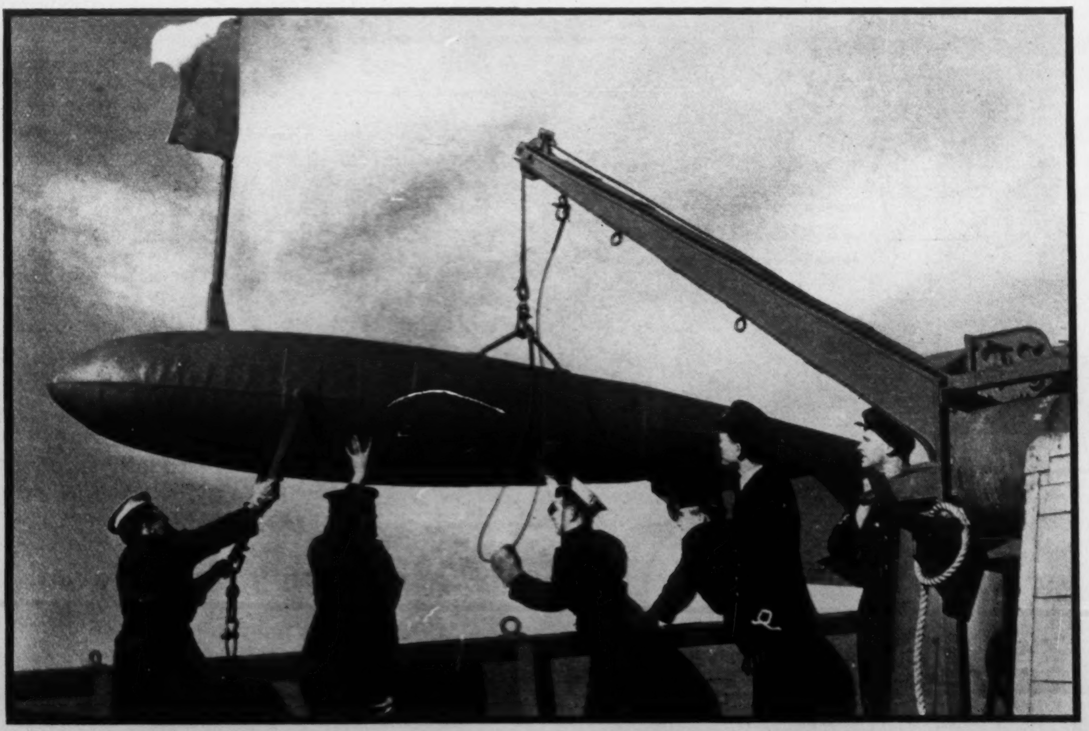
For the visitor, a trip through the Exhibition will serve not only as solid entertainment but also as visible evidence of the amazing growth of the Canadian Navy and as a reminder that it now handles from one-third to one-half of the convoy duty on the North Atlantic. The proceeds of the show go to the Navy League and its work of providing comforts for the seamen of the Navy and Merchant Marine.



This actual cross-section of a deadly contact mine draws fascinated crowds at the Naval show.



Graphic murals enliven the exhibits: Admiral Nelles shows how a corvette "lays an egg".



A minesweeper gets the float overboard. Tricky work this, even in the best of weather.

War Puts Labrador on Map

BY EWART YOUNG

Until the Canadian and U.S. governments began construction of airports and other defences in Labrador, the 5,000 people of that little known land lived only by fishing and hunting and had none of the amenities of civilization. Practically the whole male population got employment on the defence projects, prosperity arrived overnight and Labrador's whole economy and outlook changed.

Labrador's wartime development will make its wealth of resources available to the world.

THE friendly invasion of Labrador by Canadian and United States forces has raised the curtain on a strange and stirring drama. Nowhere in the western hemisphere has the flinging out of a string of defences produced so unusual a result as may now be recorded from this sub-Arctic outpost.

Before the Canadians moved in a little over a year ago, and later the Americans, Labrador was a little known peninsula almost completely isolated from the continent of North America. On the land side an inaccessible uninhabited hinterland separated it from Quebec, and the long indented coastline, free of ice for only a few months of the year, was coldly uninviting save for the few ships that had business in northern waters.

Labrador remains a little known country, for the Canadian and United States governments have permitted very little to be told about the airports and other defences they are building in the northland. And the Newfoundland Commission Government, successors to Responsible Government, which, by a Privy Council order in 1927 holds jurisdiction over the territory, has been equally secretive. Too, Labrador is still an isolated province of North America, for the natural barriers of wilderness and frozen wastes leave that side of the picture unchanged.

By all standards of geography, population, and industrial status, Newfoundland's big dependency is a hunk of forbidding territory that has no special place in the modern world.

Never the Same Again

But, for all this, the Labrador of today is different, and the country will never be the same again. The mighty machinery of modern construction, the aeroplane, men in uniform and men in overalls, moving into the country against a sombre background of war, have combined to give Labrador the material advantages and the new blood it long has lacked. And thereby hangs a tale which, though it must be told with caution, uncovers one of the major developments arising out of the sweep of war towards the shores of the New World.

The comparison is best drawn by a picture of the Labrador before and after the "invasion" by Canadian and American forces.

Prior to 1941 Labrador was populated by slightly under 5,000 white and mixed white settlers, Eskimos and Indians, most of whom made a precarious living by fishing in summer and trapping in winter. This handful of residents lived in 150 settlements spread along a thousand-mile coastline, with not more than 300 persons in the larger settlements and less than a dozen in some of the hamlets.

Trade was carried on almost exclusively by the Hudson's Bay Company which maintains seven posts from Cartwright in the south to Hebron in the north. Incomes were supplemented by industrial enterprises introduced by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, which comprised principally knitting and basket-making. According to the latest census figures for Labrador, 1,284 males were employed at all industries, collectively earning a total of $304,860. In one year 11,235 skins of fur were exported, accounting for an income of $109,919. Only one person had an income of $5,000 or over.

Lived to Themselves

The only outside influences were those of the Grenfell and Moravian Missions, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the few church missionaries and schoolteachers stationed in the larger settlements. The people lived practically to themselves, having with the outside world the limited contact provided by fortnightly visits of the coastal steamer. For more than seven months the population was cut off from civilization except by radio.

Roads were non-existent. There was only one motor truck and one tractor in the entire country prior to 1941, and those two lone vehicles operated on a quarter-mile strip of roadway built around a Grenfell Mission post. The sole means of intercommunication was the boat in summer and the dog-team when snow fell. Life moved at a very slow pace, and everything pivoted around the grim business of drawing a livelihood from the sea and the traplines of the hinterland.

Living conditions at best were measured by enough to eat and shelter from the blasts of winter. Because they lived nomadically, moving to the seacoast in summer and back in the sheltered bays in winter, the people always had two houses to keep up, and their lot was not a happy one in lean years. Apart from these considerations, there were no such forms of recreation as movies or organized sports, and nowhere to go for excitement and fun as the modern world knows it.

Then came the Canadians and Americans, and with them the machinery of construction, and with its defence works that brought security Labrador got an influx of population, and a modern airport, and roads and movies and the thousand and one other amenities of civilization. For all the good things they brought with them, the "invaders" were received by the natives with mixed feelings.

The older folk, and particularly the trappers who feared the effects of the aeroplane's noise over their trap-lines, viewed the changes with apprehension and agreed among themselves that the peace and happiness of their country was gone forever. There were others, old and young, to whom the prospects of employment at high wages was an overpowering enticement, who hailed the coming of the "foreigners" and promptly took jobs with them.

Coming Into Its Own

Be the local reaction what it may, the change that is so evident in Labrador today betokens more gain than loss, apart from any consideration of peninsular defence, and the more intelligent among the population are glad that their country is at last coming into its own, even though it took a war to do it.

The impact of the "invasion" was so sudden and so huge an undertaking that it swept both the skeptics and the believers fairly off their feet. In a matter of days notices began to appear in H.B.C. stores asking for carpenters and laborers to go to work on a Canadian air base, and almost before they realized what was happening men and boys were deserting uncertain trap-lines for the security of steady employment. There were some diehards who spurned the offer of labor and went on their way up country, but practically the whole male population cleared out of the coves and hamlets with job-tickets in their pockets.

Thus, for the first time in its long and obscure history, Labrador had abandoned its traditional role of hunting and trapping for large-scale construction. One result of this sweeping change-over in breadwinning tactics is that Labrador's domestic economy has been bolstered to a point not hitherto reached. Families which had been existing on an average income of $200.00 a year, and many others for whom doles issued by the Newfoundland Government had been the mainstay of life for some years, are today enjoying a greater prosperity than was ever imagined in their wildest dreams.

But it is the long view that brings out best just what this wartime development of Labrador will mean to the country itself and to the world. Modern airports in this vast land—110,000 square miles of potential timber, minerals and waterpower—may well mean the turning point in Labrador's unhappy history. In post-war expansion of commercial flying Newfoundland's big dependency will undoubtedly come in for a big share of aerial survey and subsequent fuller development of its natural resources.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Mr. Bracken Helps the War Effort

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

IT HAS been mentioned already in these Letters that Mr. Bracken's induction as Leader of the re-named and re-vitalized Opposition Party is having a beneficial effect on national affairs in advance of his advent here. The process continues. War policy has been strengthened in several of its joints since the Winnipeg Convention and will be strengthened in others directly. Awkward angles in what survives of Selective Service, for example, are to be adjusted (the adjustments may have taken place before this is in print) in a manner designed to please both industry and organized Labor if not to contribute in any substantial degree to the establishment of an effective over-all manpower policy.

All this is designed at the least to take the wind out of Mr. Bracken's sails before he assumes command in the House of Commons. This being so, the Administration will not have completed its preparations for greeting the new Leader until it addresses itself to one or two other matters in which he will be interested. There is, of course, the matter of the Ottawa bureaucracy and its large part in the conduct of the war effort without responsibility to Parliament. Mr. Bracken has made it clear that he is going to be very much concerned about this, and we learn that, coinciding with Mr. Bracken's unsheathing of the sword against the bureaucrats when he comes to Parliament Hill, the matter is to be the subject of another of those campaigns in the provinces which are invariably expected by their authors to change the course of affairs at Ottawa but which somehow never do.

Set Up Defences

The bureaucrats may not be altogether fair game for those who would attack the Government through its war agencies, for unquestionably the great majority of them are seeking disinterestedly and patriotically to do war jobs for the nation that need to be done, but at least they are inviting game and well within range.

The Government cannot very well clean out the bureaucrats and wind up the controls they have exercised over the war on the home front merely in order to leave Mr. Bracken with nothing to do when he gets here, but it can set up in advance some defences against the coming assault. The awaited decision of the Supreme Court on the reference regarding the validity of the orders issued by war-time controllers will provide it with an opportunity. Should these controllers' orders be held invalid by the Court the Government, of course, will have to do something about the matter.

The least that would be required would be an amendment to the War Measures Act authorizing the Governor-in-Council to delegate its powers to the controllers in matters over which the controllers are now exercising jurisdiction. By putting such an amendment through Parliament and thereby making Parliament responsible for its course in the matter, the Administration would be spiking the guns of the critics. But even should the Supreme Court uphold the orders issued by the controllers there would be no reason why the Government should not take the precaution of erecting such a defence against the threatened attack.

The Ruml Plan

Mr. Bracken so far has said little if anything on the subject of taxation, but it is a subject which the Opposition critic can always count on to interest the public, and it is hardly likely that Mr. King and his colleagues, in plotting an ambush for Mr. Bracken, will ignore this. Indeed, it would seem very foolish for them to ignore it when a way is conveniently open to them to popularize themselves with the taxpayers apparently without any substantial danger of impairment to Mr. Ilsley's war chest. They have only to adopt the Ruml Plan or something corresponding to it. (In Washington a high-ranking legislator has come out for income tax collection on a pay-as-you-go system differing somewhat from Mr. Ruml's proposal.

A favorable reception is already assured for such action by Ottawa. Some of the most weighty organizations in the country are calling or preparing to call for it, including Canadian Manufacturers' Association and Canadian Chamber of Commerce on the one hand and Labor bodies on the other hand and a dozen or more congregations of community opinion in between. The Government is in the position of having a chance to do something that some of the best opinion in the country is convinced should be done in the interests of the national economy and at the same time put a finishing touch to its plans for foiling Mr. Bracken. And, regardless of the political aspects of the matter, there now appears to be a pretty fair chance that Mr. Ilsley will do something about the Ruml Plan in his next budget.

Sceptical at first, Ottawa is reluctantly beginning to see or to think it sees in these real and projected developments preparations on the part of the Government for meeting Mr. Bracken and taking his measure in the country rather than in the House of Commons. As moves calculated to appease criticisms of the Government's conduct of the war effort increase in number—new army drafts, increased soldiers' pay and allowances, increased bonuses for dependents of men in the fighting forces, restrictions on drinking, coming improvement in Selective Service, prospective consolidation of the position respecting the bureaucrats, prospective taxation reform—the feeling spreads in Wellington Street and on Parliament Hill that it is not just by coincidence that they follow so closely on the Winnipeg Convention. They correspond too closely with Mr. King's almost unvarying political tactics for their possible significance in relation to the ballot-box to be ignored. They may not necessarily mean that an election is in the offing but there is now very little reason to believe that the Prime Minister has failed to reckon with the wisdom of being in readiness to bring on an election should he conclude that the tide in his affairs warrants his doing so.

No Attractive Alternative?

Another unnecessary general election, and another snap election at that, might be distasteful to the earnest, war-conscious citizenry. Mr. King probably knows as well as anybody about how distasteful it would be. He would have known very well in 1940 that the election then and the manner of his bringing it on were hardly likely to be very popular with the people. But Mr. King might very well measure the disadvantage of the unpopularity of an election at this time against the advantage of holding the election in circumstances which would place the voters in the difficult position of having very little in the way of an attractive alternative to his Government to vote for. He put them in that position in 1940 and had no reason to regret it.

He will not have the opportunity of doing so again unless he brings on an election before the Progressive Conservative Party has had time to organize and to impress itself on the public. Besides, should the war end before the Government went before the electors the chances of its being returned would be greatly impaired by traditional public reaction against war governments once wars are over, whereas if Mr. King's Ministry could secure a mandate now and the war should end reasonably soon it would have a chance of bridging the fickleness of public favor by a year or two of popular performance in the reconstruction period.

Mr. King will not be unmindful of this. Sovereign electors could do worse than be as forehanded as the Prime Minister and begin now to figure on how they should vote in case they have to.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

MOTION PICTURES
A KEY INDUSTRY ON THE INSPIRATIONAL FRONT

From the war factories and shipyards of Canada are pouring the planes and tanks, guns and ships to arm the United Nations in the all-out fight for Democracy!

Week by week our power must grow until it sweeps the earth clean once more so that free men may live again in peace and security. That is our Resolve.

To carry it through, our minds must be as keen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our tanks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes.

For morale is a mighty force . . . as vital as the materials of war themselves.

Just as it is the job of some industries to provide the weapons to keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling and keep 'em shooting, so it is the job of the Motion Picture Industry to *keep 'em smiling!*

That is our war-time job. We cannot build bombers, tanks or guns . . . but we *can* build morale . . . we can give Canada the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours more productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad . . . to Victory.

We can . . . *and we will!*

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The Communists of Canada and Tibor Eckhardt

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of December 12 Professor Watson Kirkconnell attacks our paper, the weekly *Kanadai Magyar Munkas*, and declares that it is one of the "Communist-inspired" papers and with other papers he mentions is "under Communist orders from outside Canada." We wish to categorically deny this. Our paper has for years been dedicated to the cause of a happy Canada and to the cause of progress and freedom in our old homeland, Hungary. We are a people's progressive paper and not a Communist paper. We are a paper directed by its editors and supporters in Canada and not inspired from outside Canada, apart from the inspirations we might draw from the heritage and cultural traditions of the Hungary that was before the Horthy regime which led Hungary finally into the fold of cursed Hitlerism.

Professor Kirkconnell condemns us because in our paper "all moderate Hungarians, including Tibor Eckhardt, are reviled as fascist." He deliberately hides the fact that Tibor de Eckhardt is not a moderate Hungarian but a Hungarian Fascist.

In the *Nation* of September 27, 1941, Ignatc Schultz, former Social Democrat representative of the Hungarian minority in the Czechoslovak Parliament, writes:

"Let us examine Tibor de Eckhardt's claims to represent democratic opinion in Hungary in the light of his record. When still a very young man he became the leader of the 'Awakening Magyars' and the 'Race Defenders' (from 1919 on). . . They were not merely anti-Communist but anti-Semitic, antidemocratic, and fiercely chauvinistic. They were responsible for the murder of thousands of men and women. Their methods of terror and torture provided a model for the later activities of Mussolini's Blackshirts and Hitler's storm troopers.

Readers who are interested in the type of campaign carried on by portions of the foreign-language press in this country — not to mention some English-language periodicals such as the "Canadian Tribune"— will be able to draw some conclusions from the correspondence printed herewith.

As to whether the source of the "orders from outside Canada" to which Professor Kirkconnell referred in his original article in these columns is situated within Russia or outside of it, and whether, even if in Russia, it has any direct communications with the Kremlin, we are entirely unable to say. The policies which appear to be directed from that source bear more resemblance to the Trotsky brand of Communism than to that of present-day official Russia.

Hungary the First

"It ought not to be forgotten that Hungary was the first fascist state in Europe. Some time before the March on Rome, years before the Reichstag fire, gentlemen like Tibor de Eckhardt were infecting Hungary with a disease destined to wreck the weakened constitutions of a dozen European states. . .

"After the White Terror a new oligarchy was established in Hungary, half feudal, half fascist. As a reward for his services Eckhardt, who is related to the family of Admiral Horthy, was appointed chief of the press department of the Foreign Office. . . The Prague press accused him of organizing armed bands in Slovakia with a view to undermining the stability of the new Czechoslovak state. It has also been alleged that he organized the manufacture and distribution of counterfeit Czechoslovak currency. This charge has not been proved, but the counterfeiting became public when one of his women friends was arrested with the goods on her. . .

"Tibor de Eckhardt . . . voted enthusiastically in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies for the new anti-Semitic laws which have been drawn up on the Nurnberg model."

This "moderate" Eckhardt, addressing the Hungarian Jewish Centre in New York on October 9, 1941, about the Jewish problem in the coming Hungarian "Lebensraum," declared: "Should Hungary after the war fail to become large enough as to space, then it will be necessary to retain the Numerus Clausus. Certain limitations will remain in force in any case."

Apart from the Eckhardt incident you should be aware of some qualifications of Professor Kirkconnell himself. In his *Twilight of Liberty*, page 15, he writes: "Although the Hungary of 1920 had got little beyond the social and political character of eighteenth century England, there has been steady progress in reform under the Horthy regime." Among the so-called reforms of the Fascist Horthy he refers to the electoral reform giving Hungary what he calls on page 39 "a thoroughly modern electoral system." If Mr. Kirkconnell were a lover of democracy he could easily establish the fact that the so-called electoral reform deprived one million Hungarians of the right to vote. In the "steady progress and reform under the Horthy regime" he probably includes three anti-Semitic laws, the concentration camps and all other measures which mark the "progress" of Hungary towards becoming a Hitlerite colony.

Mr. Kirkconnell praises Frank Kiss, the Hungarian actor, who is the chairman of Horthy's Theatrical Camera, and who was instrumental in eliminating from the Hungarian stage all Jews and every non-Jew who he felt tended to progressive thinking.

The Two Revolutions

In the same *Twilight of Liberty*, trying to prove that our paper is "obviously Communist in sympathy," he quoted part of our editorial of March 20, 1941, in which we answered accusations of the Winnipeg Horthy paper which charged us with associating together the Hungarian revolutions of 1848 and 1919. He quoted us as follows:

"No, we do not wish to combine these two revolutions, because that is impossible. The two are separate in time and separate in circumstances, and in the two there is only this in common that each was a true revolution of the Hungarian nation. But only fools do not place these two beside each other in due historical succession. Only fools do not acknowledge the second revolution; only fools fear it; only fools wish to falsify the first. And never was there as great need as there is now for classing together the revolution of 1848 and 1919".

As a matter of fact the "true" and "fools" used three times in the above quotation were never in our original text and were deliberately inserted by Mr. Kirkconnell, who was thus guilty of the most unpardonable sin for a writer, deliberate forgery for ulterior motives.

STEVE SZOKE, Editor,
Kanadai Magyar Munkas.

Toronto, Ont.

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WELCOME publication of the foregoing letter by Mr. Steve Szoke, because it provides so clear a demonstration of the journalism by which, week in and week out, the Leftist press is seeking to blacken honest men and to seduce our foreign-born communities.

Before passing on to his major indictments against Tibor Eckhardt and myself, may I list a few minor observations:

(1) While Mr. Szoke disclaims any Communist inspiration, his paper joined in last summer's Leftist hue and cry after Mihailovic. The whole of page 11 in his issue of August 26 was given over to this defamation.

(2) Until its suppression as Communist in 1940, the Hungarian Workers' Club was closely associated with this newspaper.

(3) When Mr. Szoke challenges my mention of Hungarian electoral reform in 1941, he adroitly conceals the fact that the item in question was in an article syndicated by me from Europe in 1938 and specifically so dated in my *Twilight of Liberty*. I quite concede the iniquity of 1941 legislation, but I was not writing about 1941 legislation.

(4) Similarly, when he accuses me of praising the actor Frank Kiss, he does not mention that this was in an article on drama, also of 1938, and that my praise was for his "matchless voice". I said nothing as to his political views, of which I know nothing.

(5) Mr. Szoke republished in November last the recent calumny (originating in the Communist *Hour* of New York) against Dr. Tracy Phillipps of our Federal Government service, and quoted the *Globe and Mail* as one of his authorities although the *Globe and Mail* had already published a denial of the canard.

(6) When Mr. Szoke refers to the "Winnipeg Horthy paper" (meaning the *Canadian Hungarian News*), he does not mention that during the years prior to June 1941, before he had discovered the importance of the War, this allegedly reactionary rival was urging its readers to support the War and was publishing serially the Hon. Duncan McArthur's *History of Canada* as a contribution to Canadianism.

Ambassadorial Testimony

But the first of his major accusations is against Tibor Eckhardt; and here I would submit, not the testimony of an obscure Leftist fugitive named Schultz but that of Mr. John F. Montgomery, Ambassador of the United States to Hungary for the eight years terminating in 1941. Early in 1942, Mr. Montgomery was questioned regarding the campaign of calumny against Eckhardt which was flooding the Leftist press on this continent. His published answer includes the following remarks: "I was quite astonished to learn that Dr. Eckhardt was accused of being a Nazi and a Fascist and even anti-Semitic. As all this is so contrary to the facts, it did not occur to me until I received your letter that anyone would pay the slightest bit of attention to it, particularly since I knew that the Hon. Nicholas Roosevelt, my predecessor, had refuted all these charges in the *Herald Tribune* and that Ann McCormick had likewise come to Dr. Eckhardt's defense. Since apparently these attacks are still continuing, I am glad to give you such information as I can of Dr. Eckhardt's activities during my years of service in Hungary.

"(1) Dr. Eckhardt as a Nazi: It would be just as absurd to discuss Winston Churchill as a Nazi, for each played the same role in the respective countries. Eckhardt was the outstanding anti-Nazi in Hungary...

"(2) Dr. Eckhardt as a Fascist: Eckhardt was fanatical in his demands for land reform and extension of the ballot. . . I consider him to be a democrat as we understand the term in America, but whatever he is, he certainly is not a Fascist. . .

"(3) Dr. Eckhardt as an anti-Semitic: He was so outstanding in

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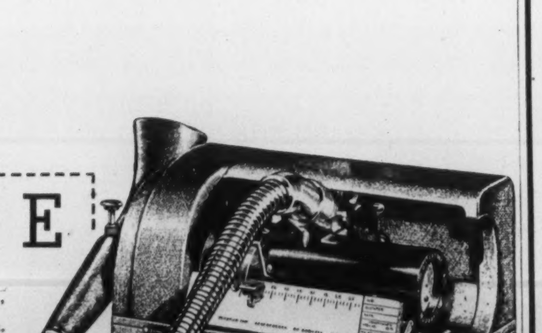

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his championship of the Jews that it hurt his career considerably."

The charges made by Mr. Szoke are lifted from standardized memorandums of slander against Eckhardt prepared by American Communist headquarters in 1941 and mailed at that time to the press, the legations, and to practically all government agencies. A point-by-point refutation of these charges has been duly made, both in the press (as noted by Mr. Montgomery) and in book form (as in Paul Nadanyi's *The Free Hungary Movement*, 1942); but the Leftists keep on reiterating the calumny. As in the case of Mihailovic, the motive is obvious: every "Free Movement" in Europe must be discredited and replaced by a revolutionary Communist movement.

As for the charge of forgery against myself, that is another mare's nest. The translation is a free one, but it supplies nothing contrary to the tenor of the original. For example, the phrase "only fools" (*csak a bargyuk*) in one brief sentence is echoed immediately by the repeated "only he . . . only he. . ." (*csak az . . . csak az. . .*) of the next sentence. My translation, while it takes liberty with the syntax, in no way reverses or distorts the main theme of the original editorial, which, in dealing with the Hungarian (Communist) revolution of 1919, attacks Horthy for having become, through suppressing it, "the traitorous executioner of Hungarian freedom and of the Hungarian nation" (*a magyar függetlenség és magyar nép aruloja-hohérja*). This is all of one piece with the editor's present letter, in which he declares that part of his inspiration is in the "Hungary that was before the Horthy regime". Unsuspecting Canadians might not realize that this regime before Horthy's, in which inspiration is found, is historically that of the Communist, Bela Kun.

It is significant that Mr. Szoke denounces as "fascist" the whole period of Hungarian politics since 1919. This typically Communist attitude conceals the fact that from 1920 to 1940 Hungary was not a dictatorship but a constitutional monarchy (under a regent), with responsible government, free elections, several political parties, and a franchise as wide as any known in England prior to the Third Reform Bill. While there was room for reforms, these reforms were steadily being made, up to the time when Nazi Germany forced the government first into conformity and then, in April 1941, into partnership in war. That surrender was ignoble and unheroic. I do not defend it. Count Teleki committed suicide in protest against it. But this present eclipse does not justify the Communist blackening of the whole period since 1919.

Own Political Position

In support of these facts about Hungary, I would quote Miss Dorothy Thompson (Toronto *Globe and Mail*, April 7, 1941): "This country, worse treated and worse mutilated by the treaties than any other nation, had progressed in the last twenty years to a truly remarkable recovery. . . It retained its ancient parliamentary institutions intact. A new and youthful leadership was emerging—a leadership of strong intellectuality, character and faith. Quietly and intelligently, reforms were being initiated." And of Teleki she wrote: "Among the statesmen of Europe there was not a more scrupulously fair mind."

As for my own political position, my hostility to Nazis and Fascists (as well as to Communists) is a matter of public record. Nearly six years ago, I wrote in "The New Roman Empire" (*Dalhousie Review*, April 1937, pp. 33-46): "It is a libel on Ancient Rome when Mussolini revives the terminology of that august past to describe a modern state based on the ethics of the jungle." And in my *Canada, Europe, and Hitler* (1939), written largely before the War, I said (p.6): "The symbol of the Nazi world revolution is the concentration camp, the living grave of civil and religious liberty." Because, on behalf of parliamentary democracy, I have assailed those who would destroy it and replace it by the revolutionary tyranny of one party, I have duly earned the enmity of the Communists of Canada. Their tactics in journalism, in this as in all other cases, have been tersely described by Louis Fischer in his book *Men and Politics* (1941), where he recalls (p. 310) a conversation that he once had with Bela Kun. He pointed out to Kun that "the Communists had two kinds of paint: red for themselves, black for everybody else. Socialists were 'fascists', liberals were 'rotten', pacificists were a 'menace', and so on. 'This,' I said, 'is pure bunk.'"

WATSON KIRKCONNELL.
Hamilton, Ont.

CANADA OVERSEAS

Britain Shows Democracy Works

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

HANNEN SWAFFER, dean of British newspapermen, has been giving me a series of nightly discourses on the recent history and workings of British politics. Swaffer knows his subject thoroughly because, without being a politician, he has been a power in British politics for more than two decades. He has known intimately the leaders of the nation during the last thirty years.

Swaffer is no Conservative. He stands well to the left of the Laborites. He has taken indignant exception to some government policies during the last three years, but the men who have instituted these policies are among his closest personal friends. He is an ardent enthusiast for the British political system and he would change it for no other.

He sees a very high hope for the future of post-war Europe in the fact that most of the refugee governments, some with their monarchs, have been living in the British political atmosphere during the last two or three years. These administrators and monarchs will one day return to power in their own countries. And Swaffer believes they will resume their work with a new conception of the working of democracy. He believes it is impossible for men of calibre to live in this country without absorbing some of the spirit of this the most politically-educated country in the world.

I THINK this observation of Swaffer's is in itself an eloquent commentary on the spirit which governs British political life. He is as far to the left of the government as any responsible man in Britain, and yet he regards this political system as the world's most stable hope for humanity. It is no wonder that the bogey of Communism which seems to disturb so many highly-placed persons in North America does not penetrate the conscious mind of the Britisher.

Britain is always changing and yet it never changes. It moves along with enlightened thought and everything it produces out of the development of enlightened thought bears the hallmark British. On this there is perfect agreement between the man on the far Left and the man on the extreme Right.

I should like to extend Swaffer's thesis and include in it the trans-Atlantic world. There may be some unsatisfactory angles to the establishment in this island of large and as yet inactive armies from Canada and the United States. But this circumstance will undoubtedly bring Anglo-American understanding to a point never before possible.

There are thousands of American troops in this island. Some of them have been here almost a year. They have lived here; they have not been visitors. They are learning more about England than the Americans who used to visit here every summer of their adult lives. Their knowledge of the English goes beyond a word with a railway porter, a maitre d'hotel and a Bond street tailor.

MOST important, practically all of the Americans now here would have lived out their lives without knowing England except by hearsay. The war and government funds brought them here. And they are the masses of America.

If you ask any American soldier in England for his most vivid impression of the country, he will say it is the discovery that he has been grossly misinformed about England, that the people are not much different from Americans in thought, in aspiration and in habit. He will say it is a different country, but no more different than New York is to a Georgian, or Illinois to an Iowan.

Before the war is over millions of plain Americans will have come to know England. This will solve the problem of Anglo-American relations for all the foreseeable future. If it does not, we might as well stop dreaming of a better world.

PROBABLY the most striking feature of the British political picture (striking, at least, to the man from North America) is the smooth functioning of the national government. Here is an ancient political organism. It is the machinery which represents classes of people separated by economic and social distinctions such as have never obtained in America. And yet all factions are perfectly united in the conduct of the war.

A notable example may be seen in the concert of effort between Ernest Bevin and Winston Churchill. The world regards them as great friends and intimate colleagues. Indeed, they are. They are also the bitterest political enemies. Churchill stands for political and economic theories which Bevin has been fighting all his life and will continue to fight so long as he has a voice and an audience. They are working in perfect unison now, but I dare say after the war they will be cracking each other's skulls on the floor of the House. Attlee and Eden are more bitter political opponents than Taft and Roosevelt. Cripps has fought Lord Halifax more vigorously than Hepburn has fought Mackenzie King. But the national government works well.

THE explanation lies in the fact that Britain is politically the most adult nation in the world. In times of stress the people never forget they are all British and any politician who forgets that finds his career finished.

It is commonly said in America that Britain will never be the same after the war. The plain fact is that Britain is not the same now as she was three years ago. A revolution has taken place here. British thought has changed radically on foreign and domestic issues. The change has been effected without commotion. The Tories have moved to the left on domestic issues; the Socialists have moved to the right on Empire issues, notably India; and the middle masses have shifted the balance of their weight to conform with prevailing thought. This is a British revolution.

The other night a Tory society held a meeting to protest against the Beveridge Report. On the day of the meeting, Hannen Swaffer published a scathing, almost libellous, article denouncing the occasion. Observing that admission to the meeting was free, Swaffer asked, "Why pay to see the Crazy Gang?" Swaffer attended the meeting, and before the proceedings opened he had a long private conversation with the principal speaker. The latter took to the platform, paid his friendliest respects to Swaffer, then proceeded to tear him limb from limb.

That is British politics.

HERE, in this desk pad, is a year—a *New* Year, and in its 365 days, quite like any *ordinary* year. But really it is quite *unlike* other years, especially the first three years of this war. Because *now* we see plainly the first gleams of ultimate victory.

We cannot look ahead, into any of the 365 days that make up this New Year of 1943, to see if that day shall have final Victory written upon it—as Armistice was written upon November 11, 1918.

But this we *can* do, and *shall* do: RESOLVE that each *day*, and each *hour* of each day, that goes to make up 1943, shall serve first and only in the cause of Victory. That way will Victory come sooner.

1943—a *New* Year, perhaps a *Victory* Year, but certainly a year to bring us *closer* to Victory.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

From Malthus and Brougham to Beveridge

BY B. K. SANDWELL

SYSTEMATIC provision for the relief of the poor at public expense dates in England from the reign of Elizabeth, when the first Poor Law was enacted. It was of this law that Lord Brougham precisely one hundred years ago spoke as "the accursed statute of Elizabeth" and as being "opposed to the true principles of population on which a Malthus has enlightened mankind." What those principles were His Lordship set forth in this quotation from the amiable cleric:

"A man who is born into a world already possessed"—i.e., a world in which everything of value is in somebody's ownership,—"if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labor, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, no business to be where he is. At nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone."

Malthus, it will be noted, ascribed to Nature an acquaintance with, to say nothing of a respect for, the laws of human societies in regard to property which it is most unlikely that she possesses. He also entirely overlooked a law of which Nature has very direct and considerable knowledge but which was never enacted by any human society—the law that a starving man will do desperate things to get food, that a starving man with a starving family will do very desperate things, and that a great many starving men with starving families will, and can, do almost anything. This is the more strange, inasmuch as he was writing after the French Revolution, though perhaps before the forces which brought it about were as well understood as they became later.

Lord Brougham did not succeed in getting rid of the Statute of Elizabeth. Instead, he lived to see its principles considerably expanded, though not to the extent to which Lloyd George and his successors have expanded them in the present century. It is interesting to conjecture what he would have thought of the Beveridge Report, the sketch-plan for the latest and vastest expansion; but it may be assumed that his views would not differ greatly from those which would have been held by a great number of Canadians of his own economic class if they had not been frightened into modifying them by various phenomena of the last few years. The Report, which in Great Britain is a state document, is in this country available in a photographic facsimile of just 300 pages published by the Macmillan Company ($1.10). It came out this week.

A Radical Reversal

For the Beveridge Report completely reverses the position assigned to Nature by Malthus and Lord Brougham. Instead of acting as chucker-out for the property-owners at the behest of the state, she will henceforth order the state to act as collecting agent from the property-owners for the benefit of her protégés, or perhaps we should say her children, the whole needy population of the society. The subsistence of all these must be assured, whether or not the society wants their labor, before the claim of any property-owner to consume his own property can be recognized. It is a very radical change. It is the change of a society which has gone over from being afraid of having too much population to being afraid of having too little, and that too starved and too sickly. But it has not been a sudden change.

The existing social security schemes in Great Britain would, if unchanged, distribute in 1945 some 415 million pounds. By greatly extending both the benefits and the classes covered, the Beveridge Report would raise this sum to 697 million pounds, an increase of 282 millions. But the larger part of this increase would come from the insured persons and their employers, only 86 millions coming from rates and taxes. The increase is due to three causes in almost equal degree: universal children's allowances, expansion of the existing health service to a comprehensive health and rehabilitation service, and enlargement of the classes covered. Future increases beyond this level are calculated for, but they result almost wholly from the increasing burden of "retirement pensions," which will both increase in amount up to subsistence level and increase greatly in numbers owing to the ever larger numbers of persons who live to old age. (Men over 65 and women over 60 totalled 2.3 million in 1901, 5.6 million in 1941, and are estimated at 9.6 million in 1971!) A very substantial part of the cost of pensions comes from payments made by the recipient during his working life.

The carrying out of this program—which is the product of Sir William Beveridge alone so far as actual responsibility goes, though he was assisted and advised throughout by a strong committee of high civil servants—will achieve for the population of Great Britain one of the greatest of the four freedoms—freedom from want, which means also and perhaps more importantly freedom from the fear of want. It will not of course achieve freedom from disease, though it may somewhat reduce the incidence of disease; but it will achieve freedom from the financial disaster which, in the case of the poor, is the inseparable concomitant of disease.

Supportable, If . . .

It will impose on the economy of the country a burden which, if the total national income can be kept at a reasonably high level, should be quite tolerable, but which could easily become intolerable if the national income were impaired by any widespread and prolonged unemployment. The prevention of such unemployment, be it noted, is none of the business of Sir William Beveridge. It is not for him to deal with the various devices by which fluctuations in purchasing power can be evened off and labor and capital transferred promptly from a declining industry to a rising one. It may however be pointed out that the very existence of this tremendous and entirely regular flow of current income into the pockets of a large group of the population is in itself a stabilizing influence, or cushion, preventing the consumption-goods industries from feeling the full effect of a decline in the capital-goods industries to the extent that they now do, a force which should itself make it easier to arrest the decline in the capital-goods industries

The Report is proving bitterly annoying to the Socialists, both in Britain and in Canada, because it undertakes to achieve under the capitalist and voluntary-enterprise system the most important benefits which the Socialists offer as the results of Socialism. They have reason to be annoyed, for the truth is that there are only relatively few people in the English-speaking countries who have any real religious conviction that private enterprise is in itself immoral and should be abolished; the vast majority are interested in Socialism only because of the hope that it offers of just that freedom from want and the fear of want which the Beveridge Report also offers.

The Socialist Argument

The Socialist argument is that the Beveridge Report will not work—that the private-enterprise system will not be able to carry the load and that the state, under the control of the private-enterprisers, will ultimately repudiate its obligation to the workers. If there is any truth in this argument the Socialists ought to support the Report; for having once promised these specific safeguards against want and the fear of want the state will not dare to repudiate them and the immediate consequence of its doing so would be the coming of the Socialists to power, as the only people who could make the safeguards good.

The Report is of the profoundest interest to Canada, because if it is implemented—as there is every reason to expect it will be in at least its main outlines—it will be quite impossible to expect any emigration of residents of Great Britain to this country unless we ourselves set up something closely approximating to the same system and arrange for the transfer of any credits (the result of past contributions by the emigrant) so that he will have the same claim against the Canadian system as he would have had against the British system had he remained in Great Britain. The backwardness of this country in regard to social security is well known to have been one of the main reasons for the decline in immigration from Britain since the last war, though the relative economic unattractiveness of the Dominion in those years was of course also a factor.

It should be noted that the benefits offered by this amalgamated and all-in insurance system are, with the exception of the unemployment insurance, predicated upon the assumption that the beneficiary is either employed or incapable of employment. The theory that the system will promote shirking is therefore untenable except as it may apply to the unemployment insurance provisions or the sickness benefits. These have been in operation for a long time, and the general opinion about them in England is that they admit of very little real dodging of work when there is work to be had. The Report assumes a readiness to accept completely socialized medical service which will probably be slightly staggering to the average Canadian.

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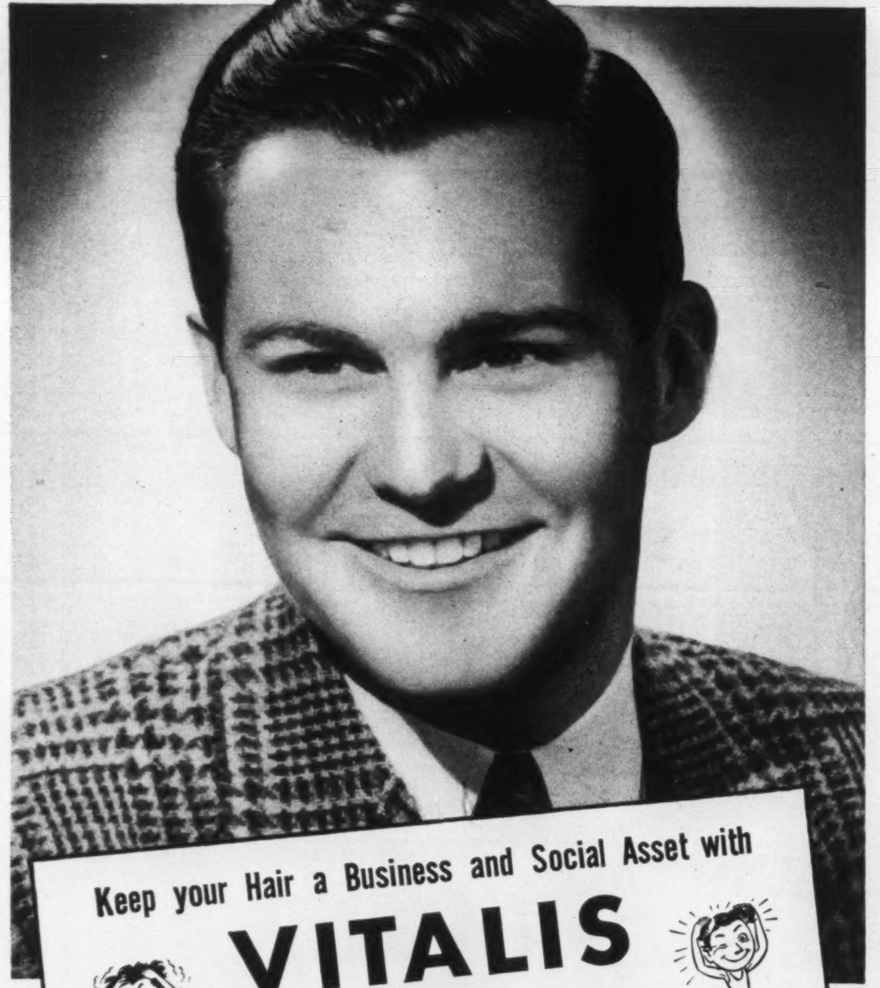

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THE WORLD OF SPORT

Prognostication and Prophecy

BY KIMBALL McILROY

A LOT of things are going to happen in 1943. A lot of things happened in 1942. A lot of things happened to the New York Yankees and the Chicago Bears and General Rommel and Winnipeg Blue Bombers and the good citizens of Cologne. A lot of things are happening all the time. Just what is going to happen in 1943 this department doesn't know. Furthermore it doesn't much care, just so long as a lot of them happen to Adolf Hitler.

It is incumbent, however, upon any writer of sports for public consumption to justify what he fondly believes to be the public faith in his profound knowledge of his subject by picking some time in advance the winners of coming contests and predicting trends of events. The writer is almost never correct, but this is a minor matter of no consequence as nobody remembers when the time comes what he predicted. Heaven is said to protect drunkards and fools, so that when you combine the two you just can't miss.

The above, quite naturally, does not apply to this column, which is invariably correct in its prognostications. Inveterate readers will be aware of this fact. Sometimes, of course, the contests will come out wrong, but this only goes to prove that this column knows more about them than the participants do.

Having thus hopefully prepared the way, we present for your edification and approval a group of assorted prophecies. These are to be taken with a grain of salt and preferably a slug or two of gin. If any is left in the bottle it will be gratefully received.

BOXING. — Joe Louis and Billy Conn will find some way of meeting for their oft-postponed heavyweight title fight, perhaps through the happy expedient of tossing Mike Jacobs into the ashcan. After knocking Billy colder than a sergeant-major's eye Joe will retire for the duration. If Uncle Mike tries to declare the title vacant and run his proposed series of elimination bouts to decide the new champion, as threatened, Uncle Mike will be lynched. 198,643,702 people will promptly ask themselves why no one ever thought of doing this before.

THE Lighter Weights.—A number of seedy personages, classified 4F for the draft, who have to be assisted into the ring as well as out, will gradually drift into the various title spots. These will fade away with the return of the soldier-fighter like latrine crapshooters on the approach of the orderly officer.

WRESTLING. — People will continue to attend the rasslin' matches. People will also continue to attend dogfights and cluster around the bodies at highway accidents. They will be the same people. There will also continue to be an even dozen "world's champions" in as many sections of the continent. Nobody will continue to care.

BASEBALL.—The big leagues, and some of the minor ones, will be operating next summer. There will be plenty of players to go around, as ball players have always shown an alarming tendency to marry and are extraordinarily prolific as well. Boston will win the American League pennant and Brooklyn the National. Boston will win the Series because some Brooklyn stalwart forgets to touch second base or rounds the bases on a pop fly. This last can be considered in the nature of a sure thing.

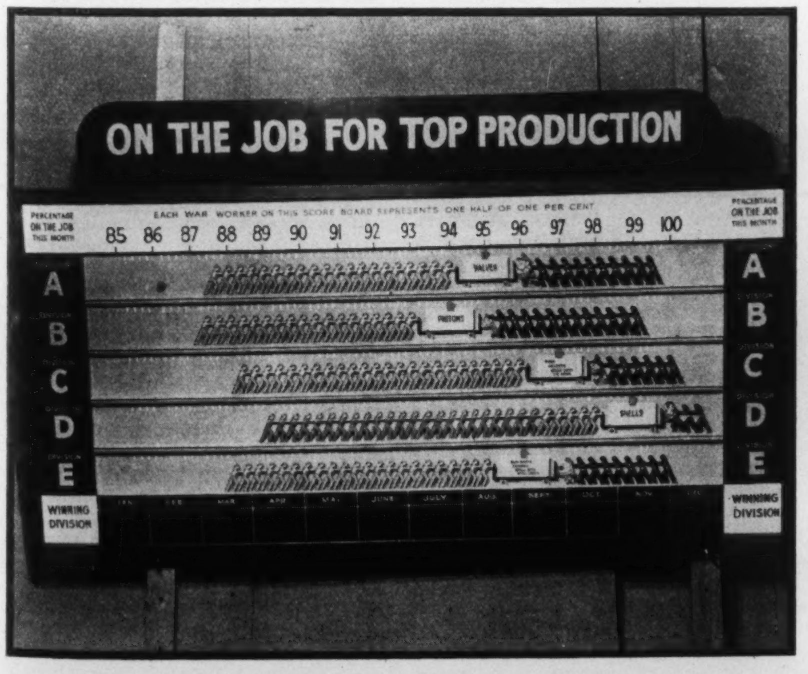
HOCKEY.—The present season will be the last for the duration so far as the N.H.L. is concerned. Toronto Maple Leafs will win the Stanley Cup but not much else, because everyone will start asking how come the players are still around playing hockey. The amateurs, particularly the juniors, will get the fans and the cup finals will be the best attended in years.

RUGBY.—If the clubs which stuck with the game this year made money, the other clubs who silently folded their wallets will begin talking very enthusiastically along about April of how essential sport is to the war effort and how everyone should do his bit to carry on with business as usual and how they would like, please, to have a franchise for the fall, preferably with the dividends guaranteed. It is more likely, however, that the falling leaves will see service teams and nobody else in action.

LACROSSE.—Having an admirably horrible example to guide them, the team which goes east for the next Mann Cup series will either stay on the wagon and win or stay off it and lose again. Probably they will lose. There are a lot of things that are more fun than winning lacrosse games.

GENERAL.—As the raw material for the more vigorous and youth-requiring sports decreases drastically, there is going to be an upsurge of all those activities which just barely border on the realm of sport, like figure-skating and swimming-and-diving extravaganzas. Horse racing, if conscientiously organized, should do well. People always seem to resent the fact that they have more money than they're used to and set about diligently attempting to get rid of it in the easiest and most pleasurable manner. Racing fits the bill admirably. The government should encourage the sport in every possible way. It's a very profitable source of revenue and they don't have to offer five dollars for every four contributed by a patriotic populace. Other pseudo-sports which are having a boom are the pleasant parlor games like Monopoly, necking, and bridge. These, of course, have always had supporters, but what with the decline in the number and quality of spectator sports and one thing and another their prospects look good.

So there they are, gilt-edged and fully guaranteed, money cheerfully refunded unless absolutely satisfied. We respectfully suggest that you clip this article on the dotted lines, then paste it conspicuously on the wall. You will find it great fun during the long winter months to toss darts at all the O's. This will have the added advantage of effectively destroying the words.



Absenteeism in war industry has been termed "one of Canada's biggest manpower headaches." How one Canadian firm, Thompson Products Ltd., of St. Catharines, Ont., is dealing with this problem, together with that of morale-building, finds illustration in the accompanying photo. Pictured is Thompson Products' "On the Job for Top Production" chart, one of many such the St. Catharines firm has used with great success in its most recent drive to reduce absenteeism. In effect a Master Score Board, the chart keeps employees posted, from day to day, on the attendance standing among their factory's various divisions. It is about ten feet by six and on each line are thirty removable cut-out figures of men and women war workers. These are straining hard for top production, while opposing them are groups of "Nasties" headed by "Hitler," "Mussolini," "Hirohito," "Goebbels" and "Goering." As percentage of attendance drops, a "Nastie" silhouette is placed behind his respective leader and thus absentee workers are shown as working for the enemy and against their team mates in the factory division.

Every wagging tongue that spreads the poison of imaginative rumour adds tempo to the macabre music of death and destruction.

Dancing in the dark to a symphony of lies, conceived in Nazi minds and performed by gullible lame-brains can end only in a mad whirl of confusion and defeatism.

So—think before you talk. Then don't.

HULL STEEL FOUNDRIES LIMITED . . . HULL, P.Q.

THE HITLER WAR

Nazi New Year Pronouncements Most Revealing

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE opening of 1943 has presented the Nazi leaders with the most difficult psychological problem they have ever faced. Their speeches betray clearly enough what they know is in their people's minds.

"There will be no second 1918;" swears Goebbels, "we will not lay down our arms until the great aim has been attained." "This winter may be difficult, but it cannot hit us harder than last year," promises Hitler. Touching on another painful subject, he declares "we know what America can really achieve in war production." "One thing is certain," blusters Goering, "the might of the German sword and of Germany's allies will finally master every misfortune and open up a more beautiful world."

Two years ago they pictured this world already within their grasp. "The year 1941," Hitler then declared unequivocally, "will bring consummation of the greatest victory in our history." Even a year ago he was still able to promise the destruction of Russia. "In 1942, with our great preparations, we will again seize this enemy of mankind and beat it until it is broken."

A Remarkable Admission

Not so this year. All he can say is that "the day will come when one side will collapse, and that will not be Germany." Goering confesses that "we don't know yet what the future has in store." Goebbels, the master conditioner of the German mind (how many Germans used to tell me that if they had only had him in the last war they would have won for certain!), is reduced to fatalism: "We cannot change the length of the war. We must go on until the end, whether we want to or not."

Surely this is the most remarkable admission yet to come out of Nazi Germany. Or is it this editorial statement of Hitler's own *Voelkischer Beobachter?* "Every German should know that there are no immediate prospects of victory. We know today that this world-historical conflict with the Soviet is an affair of years."

For those who might not want to "go on to the end", or might be toying with the idea of getting rid of the Nazi regime and bidding for peace, the Fuehrer has a sharp warning. "Nobody should deceive himself about the fact that this state will conduct a fight for the existence of our nation with an energy different from that of the old Germany." "The surest guarantee of victory is the National Socialist Party." "There cannot be any doubt but that at the end of this struggle the National Socialist State will continue to exist as an unshakeable and indestructible bloc." Then why so emphatic, *mein Fuehrer?*

"Not My Fault"

Do the people, bemoaning the loss of their men-folk on the Eastern Front, or crouching in air raid cellars in the west, blame the Fuehrer for starting this war? In his very first sentence Hitler declares that "this war has been forced on us by our greedy and inveterate enemies", who have "persecuted the Reich with their hatred, and made war on it at ever-shorter intervals."

Might some Germans be thinking of the way in which the last war was ended, and be ready to welcome an American proposal? It was President Wilson's "lying and hypocritical" proposals of 1918 which are responsible for all their woes. If they were to lay down their arms again the Allies would *"deprive the German nation of its children, butcher millions of young Germans, split up the Reich and make it for all time a defenceless object of exploitation."*

We would do well not to underrate the effect of this line of propaganda. In adopting it Hitler shows his usual shrewd understanding of the mentality of the people, for it is possibly the only line he could take today which will powerfully influence the broad mass of the people. Every traveller from the Reich reports that most Germans firmly believe that the settlement which the Allies would impose on them after this war would make Versailles seem like the Sermon on the Mount. It seems high time that we told the Germans what we *are* going to do with them; severe as it might be, it couldn't be as bad as Hitler's picture.

Something of the effect of the Nazi propaganda may be seen in the tenacity with which the Germans are fighting in Russia. At Velikye Luki they refused all demands for surrender, and had to be wiped out to the last man. It may be answered that in the south they have been surrendering in droves. I think we have been a little too eager to assume that the prisoners being taken by the tens of thousands on the Stalingrad and Don fronts were German, or even a considerable part German. A Soviet year-end summary of the three main battles in the south yields, on analysis, some interesting facts on this question.

The first great blow, north-west of Stalingrad, was struck against a sector of the Axis line held by a Roumanian army of 10 divisions (7 infantry, 2 cavalry and 1 tank), stiffened by 4 German divisions (3 infantry and 1 tank). The second blow by the brilliant strategist Zhukoff was struck on the Middle Don against a sector held by 5½ Italian, 2 Roumanian and 6 German divisions (the latter including 1 tank division).

Few Germans Surrender

The third main battle, which gives us our standard of comparison, was fought at Kotelnikov against an almost wholly German force of 3 infantry and 3 tank divisions, with one Roumanian cavalry division and the remnant of another added, perhaps for their food value as much as anything. (Stalingrad prisoners disclose that they have eaten up a whole Roumanian cavalry division!)

In the fight at Kotelnikov the Russians had to kill 20,000 of the enemy to capture 5000, and it is possible that many of the prisoners taken were Roumanians. In the battle against the mixed Roumanian-German force they killed 95,000 and took

"CORNERED!"

—*Montreal Gazette.*

72,000 prisoners. And in the Middle Don battle against the Italian-Roumanian-German force the score was even, at 59,000 killed and 60,500 taken prisoner.

What proportion of the prisoners in the latter cases were non-German we are not told, but it is possible that they formed the greater part. We do know, however, that the other 90 per-cent-German force cut off between the Don and the Volga around Stalingrad has shown no disposition to surrender but has fought on with great tenacity.

A time-honored index of the extent to which an army has been routed is the number of guns which it has lost. Here, too, the Soviet summary yields interesting figures. A handy scale of comparison in this regard is the figure of 1000 guns lost by the 10 British divisions at Dunkirk, and the almost identical figure lost by Rommel's 10 German-Italian divisions at Alamein.

In the Battle of Kotelnikov the heavily-armed German force lost 549 guns, of which the Russians destroyed 257 in the fighting and captured 292. In the opening battle against the Roumanian - German force the figures given are 934 guns destroyed in action and 2232 captured; while on the Middle Don the Italian-Roumanian-German force is said to have yielded 1929 guns after only 268 had been destroyed in battle. The total figure of nearly 6000 guns destroyed or captured amply backs up the Soviet claim that 36 Axis divisions were put out of action in these three battles.

One-Quarter Gone?

A further comparison, which indicates the severity of the fighting, shows that the three German tank divisions at Kotelnikov lost 467 tanks in battle and surrendered only 94, while the Italian-German-Roumanian force had 172 destroyed and yielded 168, and the Roumanian-German force surrendered no less than 1792, after losing 548 in battle. The figure of 1792 could only be explained if it included many tanks from the army remaining at Stalingrad; even so, it seems very high.

If to the 36 Axis divisions smashed in these early winter battles are eventually added the 22 divisions cut off, with ever-lessening chance of escape, around Stalingrad, this would mean that no less than one-quarter of the 240 divisions which Stalin recently estimated the Axis was employing in Russia, had been accounted for.

The loss of the 22 divisions remaining in the Stalingrad neighborhood would be a particularly severe blow, as these comprise some of the best shock troops which Germany possesses, and their extensive equipment would be sorely missed by the German Command at this stage of the war. They include, according to the Russian statement, 3 tank divisions, 3 motorized divisions and 11 infantry divisions, with 3 additional artillery and 4 anti-aircraft regiments, and 3 special battalions of sappers, all German; there are also 1 Roumanian infantry and 1 cavalry division.

Escape from Stalingrad

This army has already passed up its two best chances of escape, first when the Soviet trap was sprung above and below Stalingrad on November 19, and second when a relief army pressed forward strongly from Kotelnikov between December 12-24. Up to that time Hitler appears still to have hoped to reverse the military position, and still unable to bring himself to abandon Stalingrad, his position on the Volga, and a large chunk of his remaining prestige as a military leader.

There are only two chances remaining for the Stalingrad army. One is to hang on to its powerfully fortified positions all winter, as the 16th Army did at Staraya Russa last winter, being supplied with bare necessities by transport plane and relieved in the spring. It seems very questionable, however, whether the weakened German air transport service, which has many other commitments, is equal to this huge task.

A month ago it was attempting to carry out a schedule of several hundred flights daily. But the Soviets have claimed as many as 50 transports destroyed in a day, 200 in a week. In at least two other weeks they have claimed 100 transports downed. And the loss of such important aerodromes as that at Tatsinskaya and in the Don Bend has lengthened the flight they have to make. Can they keep this up all winter? And can Hitler really hope to stage another big southern offensive next spring, to relieve the Stalingrad army and hold his grip on the Volga?

The remaining chance of the Stalingrad army is to form up with its armor on the outside and its transport in the middle and try to fight its way out. There have been indications in recent days that it was reorganizing preparatory to some such effort. Several badly smashed divisions have been broken up, their troops merged into other weakened divisions and their generals and staffs flown out.

—*Map by New York Times.*

The pattern of the Soviet winter drives and their gains up to date. The first stage of the great Battle of the Southern Salient was the pinching off of the heavy end, at Stalingrad. Then came the blow on the shoulder, from the Middle Don, and after that defeat of a German effort to relieve Stalingrad from Kotelnikov. Now the Germans appear to be pulling back their forces in the Caucasus, pressed hard by the Soviets. At Velikye Luki a wedge has been driven between the German centre and left wing, a wedge which will be expanded to a great pocket.

Hitler's Grey Hairs

Since the defeat at Kotelnikov has cut off that more likely line of retreat, the only way out would be through the Don Bend. To achieve such a break-through this German army, which must still be considered a formidable force, would have to cut through a belt of Soviet-held territory some 70 miles wide and being steadily widened.

It is problems such as these, and not, as the German press suggests, his approaching 54th birthday, which are causing the Fuehrer's hair to turn grey. For if he loses a large part of his forces in the south he will be less able to hold in the centre. And if he fails to hold in the centre his whole left wing reaching up through the Baltic States (referred to in a December release of the Soviet Foreign Office as the "Baltic Soviet Republics") towards Leningrad will be jeopardized.

The victory at Velikye Luki has drawn attention to the deep wedge which the Soviets are pushing between the German centre and left wing. Novosokolniki, 20 miles west of Velikye Luki, and now besieged by the Russians, would be an even more important capture. It would cut the main lateral railway running behind the German front, from Odessa to Leningrad, through Vitebsk. After Novosokolniki the Russians will probably attack Nevel, and after that may strike down against the main railway line somewhere west of Vitebsk.

A drive towards Riga is still many, many months away; and it seems much more likely that the Soviet offensive through Velikye Luki will bend sharply downwards against the Smolensk-Rzhev pocket. If the strategy displayed in the south is any indication, one might expect something like the following three-stage attack against the Smolensk pocket: (1) Cut off Rzhev, the "Stalingrad" of this salient; (2) strike down from the north behind Smolensk; and (3) strike up against the southern side of the pocket, behind Vyazma, while a lesser drive pressed down from Byelyi.

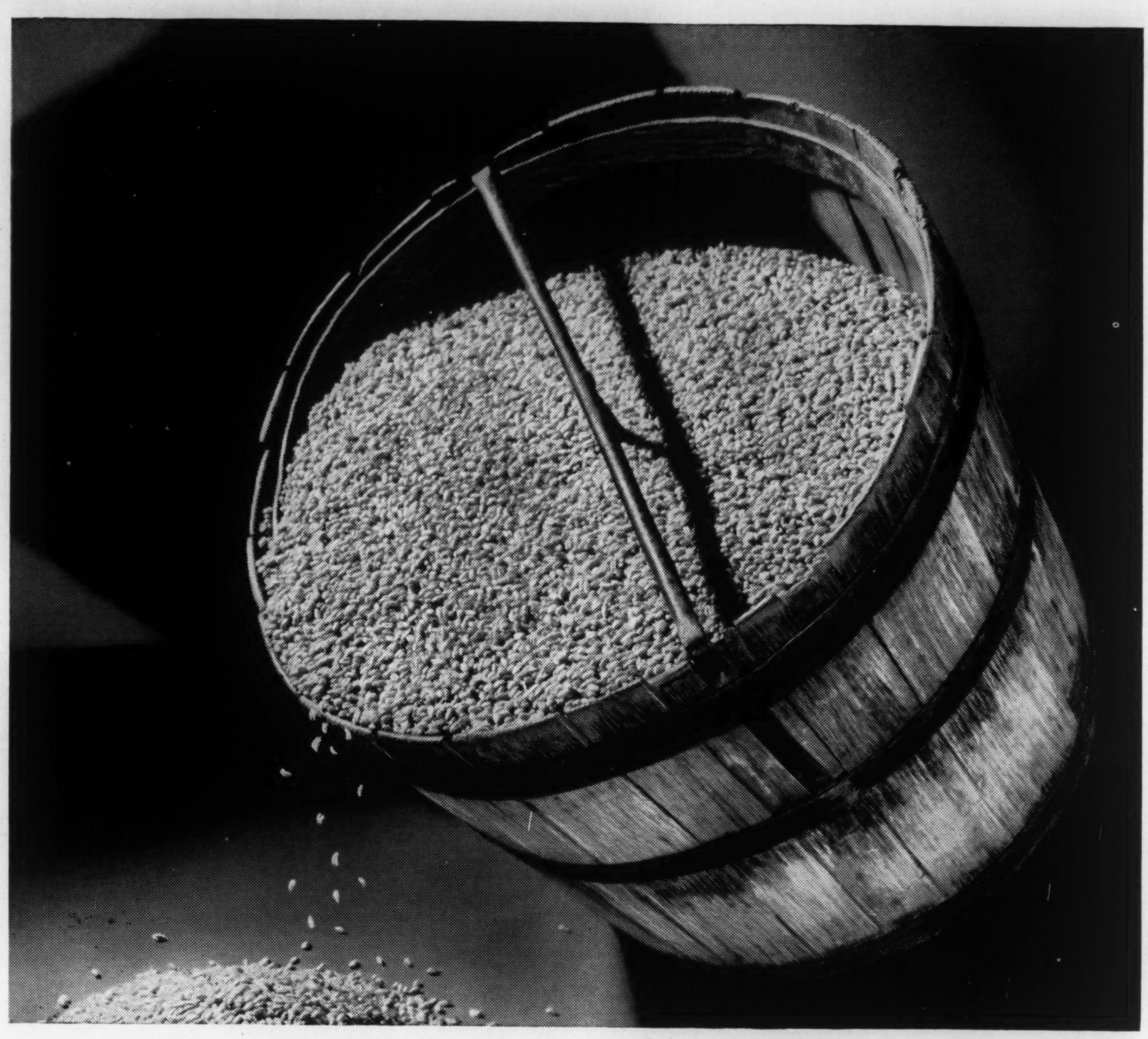
The reduction of this great German salient which still reaches to within 140 airline miles of Moscow and the relief of Leningrad are probably the maximum objectives of the Soviet winter operations. The relief of Leningrad is apparently being sought by a strategic thrust in the neighborhood of Lake Ilmen (south of which the Germans have reported severe fighting for some days) with the aim of reaching the rail junctions of Dno and Pskov, which are shown but not named on the accompanying map. If they could be captured the Leningrad salient would be left hanging in the air.

It is not to be lightly assumed that the Soviet winter operations will have such far-reaching success. Cities or junctions chosen by the Germans for major stands are defended by elaborate "hedgehog" defences, bristly spines stretching out to outpost villages all around the main centre. Enfilading fire is arranged from these points to catch Soviet tanks trying to push between; and a new type of tank trap made of twisted angle iron and metal hooks, to catch in the tank treads, is concealed beneath the snow. Thick icy walls are built up, to stop infantry attacks or channel these into the breaks made by Soviet artillery.

A "Hedgehog" Broken

Nevertheless, at Velikye Luki the Soviets have broken into one such well-prepared strong-point. They have learned from last winter's experience, and are much better equipped with the powerful artillery which has proven necessary for these operations.

The German position is, on the other hand, much more vulnerable, with armies spread out farther and thinner, with supply lines much longer and fewer reserves available. On top of this, the German press has admitted this week, for the first time, that the Russians hold the edge in tanks and planes, as well as in man power. Hitler's assurance that this winter cannot be worse than last is, one feels, more of a wish than a conviction.



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The Winnipeg Result Gives Us Time to Think

BY ARMOUR MACKAY

Mr. Mackay, who attended the Winnipeg Convention for "Saturday Night", finds that the delegates were conscious of the fact that there were "high temperatures" developing in the political life of Canada, and that for the Conservative party to take any line which would intensify those temperatures would be dangerous to the country's peace and security.

This the third and last of his articles on the Winnipeg Convention, and develops further his conviction, already expounded, that the Convention was largely dominated by the "Men of 1914-18," the fighters in the last war, who had a realizing sense of what would be needed by the fighters in the present war when they return home.

HE WAS the chief editorial writer of one of the greatest and most conservative of English newspapers. We were chatting in his room as he returned eastward from a tour across Canada.

"You have a huge country, with vast resources" he said. "Yet you have unemployment. Why is it?"

I suggested that in Canada power resides in wealth, power carries responsibility, but the wealthy in Canada had been unwilling to accept their responsibility in public affairs.

He started. "Did we discuss this on my way West?" he asked. "No," was the reply. Then he told the story:

"Thirty years ago I was our correspondent at Constantinople, and I became close friends with the American minister to the Porte. One day, the cables told of I.W.W. outrages in the United States. I said to my friend that I could not understand such things occurring in a country of freedom and opportunity like the United States. The American minister was a member of one of the wealthy Pittsburgh steel families. He gave the same answer that you have just given. And he seemed to expect that the wealthy in the United States would continue their attitude until it provoked revolution."

The conversation, which took place in 1936, is recalled now by the Winnipeg convention of the Conservative party.

The explosion to which the United States seemed destined was delayed and perhaps avoided by the New Deal. For with all its faults, the New Deal at least, in Mrs. Roosevelt's words, "bought us time to think."

The result of the Winnipeg convention gives Canadians "time to think" —if we will.

The need for us to think comes from the condition that disturbed the English observer—the irresponsibility of wealth in Canada. Most of us in this country are descended from what were called in the Old Countries "the humbler classes." Our ancestors' chief relation to government was to obey—or to evade. Legislation and administration were the province of the squire, the laird or their equivalent.

The habit thus formed of "let Smith do it" in national affairs was brought across the Atlantic by our immigrant fathers and intensified here by the isolation of pioneer farms, so that the formulation of national policy tended to be left to careerist politicians and the balance of pressure groups.

The tendency was fed by two nineteenth century ideas:—that private profit leads naturally to public advantage—and that the acquisition of wealth is a sign of moral virtue and of divine approval. The first idea still is prevalent in the financial press of this country. The second is not unknown in some church circles.

The idea of "inexhaustible natural resources" added still more to our pre-occupation with private gain—for, as a Frenchman wrote after watching a United States presidential nominating convention, "Only a rich country could take its politics so lightly."

Lastly, there was the effect of neighborhood to the United States, where the same tendency was even more pronounced.

A Private Matter?

The result of all these factors has been that the winning and possession of wealth in Canada have been regarded as a private matter. The relations of wealth to the state have been restricted pretty well to contributions to party campaign funds in payment for favors received or anticipated, and to the acceptance of public offices more notable for social prestige than for practical responsibility.

This state of affairs was accepted with little criticism as long as most men felt they could attain wealth if they wished, or could at least earn security. When doubt dawned after 1929, opposition was impotent as long as the cruelty of unemployment fell mostly on those too young to vote.

This until the last three years. The present war brought the comfortable order into collision with the deep trend in the country away from irresponsible competitive individualism towards at least a regulated, co-operative individualism. For those who had been too young to vote were found not too young to fight. Money that could not be "afforded" for peace poured forth for war. War orders did not yield hoped-for profits. Britain began to go "red". It became obvious that a class struggle cut across the lines of international war. Talk was heard of a day of reckoning in Canada when the troops come home. Above all, the once-despised C.C.F. began to gather alarming support. For the first time, a danger appeared of Canada ceasing to be a laissez-faire paradise for the capitalist.

A section of Canadian wealth has responded to these changes by near panic, and a rising temperature. Wild ideas are a-wing in Canada today—and not from the C.C.F. or the parties of protest. The best evidence cannot be quoted without revealing sources. But the condition is familiar to anyone in touch with certain financial circles during the last year. In brief, there is too much support for the idea of an outright plutocracy, with a return to unlimited competition, labor "put in its place", and few if any safeguards for social security.

Irresponsible Individualism

Our need for thought is great in these days. We need, too, to examine the ideal of irresponsible individualism that for generations has framed the thinking of most of us in Canada, rich or poor, capital, labor, farmer or professional man.

The alternative to thought and to compromise is the repetition on a greater and more tragic scale of Winnipeg, 1919, and of Regina, 1935, with all the waste of passion and violence.

Thought has not been much helped so far by those who have most to lose by angry, thoughtless action.

Two weeks ago, a leading financial journal said; "The C.C.F. is by no means a satisfactory second party, because it is a party of revolution. The principles enunciated by its leaders show that it can destroy but not contribute to successful maintenance of the democratic way."

And elsewhere: . . . "the most vital political issue of our time: Totalitarianism vs. individual enterprise. . . Socialists offer the totalitarian state as the only assurance of full employment."

One wonders whether writers like those quoted ever have heard of the reform governments of New Zealand and of the Scandinavian countries. Have these governments produced revolution, economic civil war and the end of free elections? And in what way does the spirit and policy of the C.C.F. differ from these "opposite numbers"?

This is not to argue for the C.C.F. But to plead for moderation and accuracy in discussion at as critical a time as any in the history of Canada.

A Choice of Degree

Actually, the issue before Canada is a choice of degree, of compromise, between personal enterprise; corporate enterprise; monopoly; laissez faire; regulation; co-operative enterprise; public-cum-private ownership (as in the original set-up of the Bank of Canada and of TCA); public ownership; and state enterprise. Totalitarianism in the proper German-Japanese sense of the word has not been proposed for Canada from either Right or Left.

How will our choice be made—on emotional appeals or by rational comparison?

Rational, fact-finding comparison is the productive approach to business problems, and the scientific approach to material problems. It is the only method that can unite Canadians. Emotional appeals divide us by resurrecting the past. The rational appeal looks to the future, to common aims, so makes possible the discovery of common ground, and narrows and defines the area of disagreement, for discussion. In Canadian politics, however, emotional appeals and special pleading have been the usual, hitherto, with the C.C.F. the only outstanding exception prior to the Winnipeg convention of the Conservative party.

Against this background, the Winnipeg convention appears in its proper significance. The rising temperature in Canada, the trend away from irresponsible individualism, and the choice between the emotional and the rational approach to public problems—all were sharply visible in the convention.

The rising temperature showed not towards other parties, but within the party, towards the Old Guard and towards any suggestion that life and human welfare do not come first, ahead of property.

The trend away from unlimited individualism is seen in the policy adopted, which calls for the preservation of individual enterprise, yet imposes many restrictions and duties on such enterprise.

The choice between the emotional and rational appeals is embodied not only in the policy but still more in the choice of leader. John Bracken is, above anyone of equal prominence in Canadian public life in the last ten years, the practitioner of the analytic, rational approach, seeking to find common ground rather than to rouse emotion. "Rational" is a favorite word with him, which appeared several times in his speech of acceptance and in his post-acceptance statements.

Not the least useful result of the Winnipeg convention will be the effect of this man and his method as a national solvent and as an intersectional interpreter at a time when we need sober, analytical thought on our national problems as never before.

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The Admirable Mr. Morley

THOROFARE, a novel by Christopher Morley. (McLeod, $3.00.)

DR. JOHNSON, contemplating one of Richardson's novels, said that if one were reading it for the story he would hang himself. Something of that maddening deliberation marks this book. Fortunately no sensible man cares two cents for a story while Christopher Morley is talking. Civilized conversation is so uncommon that it is to be hailed with joy, and here's a bookful of it. The novel was not written in a hurry, the author explains, and can't be read with speed.

You linger over pages lighted by bright lamps of humor and sparkling with epigrams. You have sympathy with the ship's steward "swaying tenderly on a harvest of well-earned bunions." You pause to consider the poetry of ships' names, "lyrical across the longitudes." You ponder the complete rightness of a phrase describing a seasick person seeing through the porthole only "the green underside of despair." You regard "the sparkle of carriages on the lakeside drive," and you agree with smiles in the judgment that the Sundays after Trinity are "the way you take soundings in the Prayer Book."

But there is a story; the slow transformation of an English boy, steeped in Englishry, into an American youngster, hasty, brash, irreverent and full of strange slang; though not changing in character. The theme is perhaps a pious hope, that the people of English speech on both sides of the Atlantic, the men of art on the one side and the men of action on the other, may find a *modus vivendi*, and walk the world of the future in mutual respect and affection.

It's a wise book, vivid in its portraiture, urbane, gentle, rich in understanding which every civilized reader will enjoy, and keep on enjoying through many winter evenings.

A New Hutchinson

IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS, a novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Collins, $3.00.)

THE story opens artfully in the Trust Department of a famous old London Bank. The characters are the manager, dessicated, disillusioned, and bored, and an urgent, fair-blooming, over-friendly man who insists on telling the Manager all about certain circumstances which in outline are already known to the Bank through a lawyer's letter. The characterization is complete and most humorous. "'Bank' is elderly, sallow, meagre. At a glance it is principally crooked pince-nez and suggestion, tucked away in furthest corner of its cell, not only of having barricaded itself behind its desk but of trying to press its chair back through the wall and disappear altogether."

By the time "Bank" is bored to a hideous state the reader has a complete knowledge of the situation out of which the story rises, and at the same time shares "Bank's" malevolence towards Gail Swithin, the eternal chatterbox. The situation is one modelled on the Princes in the Tower. Shakespeare illuminated their pitiful fate in "Richard III." Hutchinson brings the boys up-to-date, puts them in the Wicked Uncle's power and has the reader breathless for several hundred pages.

With this tale is tied up two subsidiary stories, one of the love affair of a successful painter, the other of the hopes of the writer, a novelist. The combination tends to become confusing, since the subordination of the minor construction is often imperfect. But always the characters are aflame with life. Long stretches of the writer's mental processes are not always interesting, for the thinking is desultory and sometimes is mere wondering—and wandering—instead of thinking.

For the rest the sentiment is braked at a point well above the abyss of sentimentality, but the atmosphere is romantic rather than real and in places believing comes hard for the reader. The artfulness of the book rather makes up for the strain of melodrama running through it, and it is surely worth reading for the brilliance of the characterization.

Irish Paladin

"PADDY" FINUCANE, (Wing-Commander Brendan Finucane, R.A.F., D.F.C., D.S.O.) A Memoir by James Reynolds. (Oxford, $1.75.)

AMONG the many amazing young men that war has brought to light, and to sudden darkness, none was more of a walking, or rather, flying poem, than Finucane, born in 1920, dead in 1942, ranging his Spitfire into the upper miles, all but bumping his head against the stars while destroying thirty-two Messerschmitts. The love of romantic Ireland gleamed in his eyes. His memory was crowded with ancient tales of his people, with gay songs and witty retorts. He painted a shamrock on his 'plane and was wont to say when landing after a dog-fight "St. Patrick was good to us." And now, like John Peel, he has gone far away, but lives in the memory of his friends. The author of the memoir has done a particularly fine piece of work.

Grilling the Movies

WITH A HAYS NONNY NO by Elliot Paul and Luis Quintanilla. (Macmillans $2.75.)

WITH a wild laughter rising to the stars Elliot Paul has taken a half-dozen Bible stories and has shown what would be necessary for each before it could be "fixed-up" for the "movies". The "fixing-up" would require the insertion of a love-interest in the story of Jonah, the elimination of all sex-interest in the adventures of Samson and Delilah, the toning down of the harlotry of Rahab and the transfer of the sack of Jericho to Norway, the two spies being Nazi squareheads. How the honest and sublime could be reduced to the artificial and the ridiculous, in full harmony with the Hays Code, is explained with a savagery of detail that is not short of hilarious. Added to it is a series of mad illustrations by Luis Quintanilla, showing Clark Gable as Samson, Wallace Beery as Noah, Groucho Marx as Mordecai and so on for sixty pages or so. The conclusion of the whole matter is stated by Paul in these words: "First, the motion-picture industry has systematically debauched the taste and intelligence of 40,000,000 Americans who are hungry for entertainment. Second, very little can be done about it. Probably if another large industry were exposed to the public eye in its intimate details a similar situation would reveal itself. Soap or varnish executives are perhaps as comical as movie executives."

Surge of Poetry

BY W. S. MILNE

COUNTRY POEMS, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. (Macmillan, $2.25.)

HERE is a collection of about eighty simple, brief lyrics that seem to me to have more of the stuff of real poetry in them than many a more pretentious effort. To begin with, they sing. They read well aloud. The language is simple and direct, and that is the sort of language the masters of our English tongue have found most apt for the expression of deep and genuine emotion. The imagery is vivid and unstrained; similes and metaphors, concrete and pictorial. The subject-matter is usually the affairs of every-day, heightened and illuminated by poetic insight. The general level of excellence is high. One can get a quiet satisfaction from almost any page; although one is never dazzled or exalted, one is never let down.

The book is in three parts: The first deals with life on a farm and in the woods; the second, and the one in which the author is at her best, tells of family life indoors; the third is a series of twelve poems for Christmas, that succeed in keeping fresh what can too often be the tritest of all themes. "The Wanderer's Child" will do as sample:

To us who sit in darkness
Hearing the cry
Of sheep in the cold pasture
Send a light,
An unknown star,
A hope to follow by.
The stars we knew
Have failed us in the night.

Where the beasts stand
Patient, with matted hair,
With weary heads
Drooping unto their rest,
Take us to worship
Joy torn from despair,
The wanderer's child
Asleep against her breast.

The poems on the birth of a child seem to me to be tender without mawkishness; in their acceptance of the physical basis of life, they have the direct and lovely realism of an earlier day.

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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Every person, so registered, who afterwards marries or changes his or her address must report within 14 days to the Chief Registrar for Canada.

All registered persons are required by law to have their registration certificates in their immediate possession *at all times*. You may be required to produce your registration certificate, by the proper authorities at any time.

Every duly registered person whose registration certificate has been lost, destroyed, worn out or defaced, should obtain a duplicate certificate. (Necessary forms and instructions for this purpose may be obtained from any Postmaster in Canada.)

CANADA

HUMPHREY MITCHELL, Minister of Labour, Ottawa

WORLD OF WOMEN

Marie Guimard, Dancer

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THIS year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth in Paris of Marie Madeleine Guimard. While not destined to have any great influence on the course of history, she was the source of as much "copy" to the gossip columnists of those days as Tommy Manville is in our own age. She was a glittering, effervescent figure in the life of Paris in—depending on one's point of view about such things—the good, or bad, old days.

For twenty-five years Marie Guimard was the star of the ballet of the Paris Opera—European audiences cling to their favorites longer than we do—and into those years she crammed the high points of an almost fabulous life. Famous for the exquisite artistry of her dancing, she became even more famous for her love affairs—especially by her long liaison with the Prince de Soubise. Through this friendship she became so influential that it was within her power to grant permission for her friends to hunt in the royal forests. Such a privilege can be compared today only to being given permission to ramble unescorted through the Mint.

Her magnificent house at Pantin had a private theatre in which were held naughty-naughty plays of the day that had been forbidden public performance. These were attended by those who composed the high society of Paris. Later, in 1772, she was presented, presumably by the openhanded Prince, with an even more gorgeous house in the Chaussee d'Antin. This house too, included a private theatre. The Temple of Terpsichore, as Guimard named it, seated five hundred guests. There, in open defiance of the Archbishop of Paris, performances were given that became the scandal of almost shockproof Paris.

The house was decorated by an artist who seized every opportunity to introduce the face and figure of Guimard into the murals. He also included in his decorative patterns a design of a white satin ballet slipper with a pink rosette. Unfortunately for him, the artist fell in love with the dancer before the work was completed. Apparently, Guimard found it annoying when the painter instead of concentrating on his job of painting her house joined her legions of admirers, so she promptly fired him and was forced to permit a young man who was engaged in the humble task of painting the ceilings to finish the work. The lad performed his task so well that she became interested in his future, and sent him to Rome to study. Guimard must have had sound artistic appreciation for the young man became the great painter, Jacques Louis David.

Her exhibitions of temperament—or temper—were wonderful to behold. The director of the Paris Opera and she were the centres of frequent hectic scenes when, during her twenty-five years as a star, she led her fellow artists in revolt against him. Had she lived in this century, she would probably have organized them into unions!

In 1786 Guimard's star began to wane and her property was sold by lottery for her benefit. The sale netted her 300,000 francs—a highly respectable dowry. So in 1789 at the age of forty-six, she decided to "settle down" and she found herself a husband—Jean Etienne Despreaux who must have been the Noel Coward of his day for he is described as "a dancer, song-writer and playwright."

She lived to the age of seventy-three and, no doubt, wondered what the world was coming to when she looked about her at rising generation.

Sometime

Window screens that will not rust or require painting are a distinct possibility when nylon again becomes available for peacetime uses. These screens will be woven of single heavy strands of nylon monofilament into strong, smooth screens through which a sharp-pointed pencil can be pushed without causing damage. The hole can be closed merely by rubbing the fingers over the displaced strands. The screen can be colored permanently by adding pigments to molten nylon. The material is flexible and suitable for roll screens.

Worn back on the head to frame the features beneath, navy blue milan edged with straw used lace fashion.

"Myfanwy"

Myfanwy Spencer Campbell, the talented artist, whose home is in Victoria, B.C., will hold an exhibition in the Roberts Gallery in Toronto from January 15 to January 23, the total proceeds to be devoted to the Red Cross.

"Myfanwy" has held several exhibitions in Vancouver and Victoria and raised many thousands of dollars for the Society. Two of her portraits which may be included in the exhibition are one of Vice-Admiral Nelles and another that won the prize in British Columbia's artists' annual exhibition.

S.P.C.A.

As a protest against German exactions, Belgian patriots have been wearing in their buttonholes the badge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The herrenvolk, understandably sensitive to the ironical implications, have advised the society that its badge is banned.

Prophecies

While we are deep in snow drifts with not even a vagrant robin hinting that spring will be doing business at the same old stand in a few months, designers are deciding how we shall look in our spring clothes.

Recently a New York trade paper asked several of the top dress designers for the films to reveal what plans they have in store. Their plans are interesting—principally because of the feeling for simplicity without grimness that seems likely to pervade both American and Canadian fashions within the limitations laid down by the two countries.

Irene of M.G.M "still believes in dinner gowns—long ones." (So do we, but our government doesn't) . . . Skirts will remain slim and jackets short—skirts always with a slight pegtop look. . . Suits will have the appearance of dresses rather than the more severe "uniform" type.

Edith Head of Paramount pins her faith to the simplest lines that can be done with the least intricacy in cutting and making. She has lots of wrap-around, tie-around, fold-around ideas for dresses, and she likes geometric lines such as stripes, plaids and simple block lines in prints—not pretty-pretty florals for active wear.

Leah Rhodes who designs for the stars at Warner Bros. approves simple, well-tailored dresses and suits, and little feminine touches such as slightly gathered pique bias folds.

Rene Hubert, 20th Century-Fox, says that short restaurant dinner dresses are definitely "in"; likes two or more colors in a dress; believes blouses will begin to take the place of sweaters and that hats will become more severe in line—"too ridiculous hats have outlived their welcome."

Vera West, Universal Pictures, prophesies fabric shoes and bags to match, in both plain and printed materials, because of leather shortages. Suits will continue to be as important as ever, although softer. She has just done one with white wool lacing on yoke and pockets. And she thinks we are ready for a change to large, flattering hats after having worn so many small ones.

Renie of RKO says, on the subject of hats, that they will complete the picture of All Out Femininity and will be giddier than ever with bows, ribbons, flowers, feathers and veils and more veils.

A built-in unit that includes shelves, drawers and a cupboard provides ample storage space, even in a small nursery, for dolls and other toys.

For sugar toters, a convenient plastic tube. Holds about six teaspoonfuls, has screw-on top. Simpson's.

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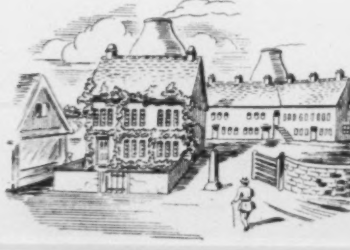

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Brilliant red feathers are massed across the front of the crown of a deep blue felt hat with squared off brim. It is worn by Julie Bishop.

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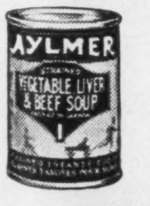

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Maybe Politics Bore You!

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

AN OLD political party emerges from convention with face lifted.

Another old party sits pretty, maybe jittery, ready for the hijinks of the opposition with the new name and new leader.

The lefting political group snaps a finger knuckle stretching arms to embrace everyone not already tenaciously clutched by older parties.

A woman member of parliament sits a group unto herself contortioned into "Unity."

The other woman member is filling the seat left vacant because of the death of her husband.

A former woman member of the House is flirting again with a feverishness that portends a remarriage to political life.

A wife of a former Speaker and a member formerly in her own right, in her seventies is still a gay figure who listens keenly to what goes on in Commons and Senate.

Canada's two women senators are doing a job but it keeps them serenely free of the arousing fire and broad appeal that converts to causes good or bad.

So What?

The war is here.

The World To Come is coming quickly. Reconstruction is creeping around our skirts.

So what? So——what are the women of Canada going to do about this business of governing Canada?

It's 1943 and even the glamorous persuader who clinched the vote for the women of Quebec has given ardent admirers cause to speculate. Can women pull together as Canadians everywhere for those things which will nourish our country?

It is easy to say "Happy New Year!" in January. How many will be able to say "Happy Old Year!" next December? It will be happier for Canadian women if it is true that: "We've made a beginning. We've commenced to know what goes on here—in Canada—after election speeches and voting have become so much mud under the beaver-dam."

"What do those old bald-headed men in Ottawa know about running a country?" is a remark you may have heard. Perhaps it's one of the things you've laughed at.

"What do the rest of us know?" is one of the things we might weep about.

And to get really upset, remember no one party has a monopoly on dumbness any more than it has on brains—and hasn't that been dinned into our un-hearing ears for a long time?

Information, Please

Women aren't so quick to jump to their feet and express positive opinions on matters upon which they are inadequately informed as men are. What we mean is one woman doing that sort of thing gets a heap of notoriety. Men have been doing it so long nobody notices. Still we might do something besides simper, "Politics bore me."

Politics are going to do more than bore us if we don't start howling for information we can sift with our baking.

Perhaps you think the wives of members of the House of Commons have it all doped out? Not at all. They are just faintly farther out of the haze than the rest of us. There are some of course who care for political office as much, even more, than their husbands. They don't want to be members themselves but there are advantages to riding in the driver's seat without having to be the driver.

There are wives who announce, "I've never taken any interest in politics. My husband likes to come home to peace and contentment."

These women may be advertising their own convictions or limitations or bolstering husbands with inferiority complexes.

There are women who remain quietly in the background sometimes because of illness or family circumstances; a tremendous power behind their men. Usually this type of wife has a man who is big enough to admit her part in his career.

Behind the Throne

Some women are the power behind their men—but not very far behind. Such women usually are giving him a push in the right direction and he's a lucky fellow if she doesn't push him right off his feet.

There are wives who stand in the corridor when the political travail is going on and suffer more than their husbands. There are others who love to see their great big funny boy going places and making speeches. They don't care what he says. It sounds good to them. These men are sure of an audience when the galleries start disgorging, and the technique has its points.

These wives and many more may be encountered in and out of Ottawa. Most of them think other women have a jaundice-tinged attitude towards politics; either they don't care enough—or they care too much.

There is one place, however, where women can function and no argument. They can be mothers of men who shape the country's destiny. It's amazing! All those men in public life may not have wives but every last one of them had a mother. It's not her fault that usually she has departed before her son was old enough to take his rightful place but she helped him to get there. Up to now this has been done largely by the hit or miss system. A few knew when he was a boy he was destined for greatness but most mothers were as surprised as the rest of us.

This careless system might be remedied by something specific injected into our educational system. There must be boys who would be better material for public life than others. Question arises, "Who is going to pick them?" Well, somebody dopes it out if they are bent on being doctors, ministers or engineers, so why not members of parliament? They must get elected but that's where other women flash into the picture. They wouldn't all hold out for their Johnny—especially if he's doing all right in something else.

And perhaps the fact that the leaders of many countries have shown themselves to be not all wise—in many cases, in fact, hardly wise at all—may give women courage to do something about the kind of men they would pick for an all-star team of statesmanship. We haven't done badly in Canada. We can do better.

In the period of re-construction women will be well advised to keep one thought uppermost. The men who have saved the world for us are the ones to whom it belongs. Their voices must be heard and when they are—maybe politics won't bore you!

Of 142 year old Brussels lace, this wedding gown (priced 50 guineas) was shown at the Exhibition of Historic Lace held in London, England. The proceeds went to the clothing branch of the officers' families fund.

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SKIN LOTION, 1.25 to 4.25

Elizabeth Arden

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and at Smartest Shops in every Town

Everybody goes "plaid". Even Johnny the dog wears plaid and seems to be happy. Note the same style only modified for children and mother.

CONCERNING FOOD

Let's Give Her a Break

BY JANET MARCH

WHENEVER someone pities the lot of the farmer, someone else is sure to say "Well, they should organize," as if this would end all their woes. It seems unlikely that even the best and most organized farmer in the world could keep union hours. Bossie simply won't co-operate about having calves during the eight-hour day, and neither C.I.O. nor A.F.L. can control the thunder clouds which make working from five a.m. till eight p.m. drawing in in harvest time a necessity. Some other solution than a union card will have to be found and this goes for housewives too.

One of housewives' worst work periods in the year is the bit known as "the festive season". It's festive all right, granted the little woman is on the job and her arches haven't fallen completely and permanently. Nobody's plans for this brave new world for which we are fighting include much of a break for the woman in the home. A few people have hinted that it would be nice to consider the home-makers as working women in the same category as women who have outside the home jobs. Time will show but a good many plans get lost in the shuffle.

At the moment there are a lot of tired women to be found up and down the land. On top of a pretty full time job there have been stockings filled, trees decorated, cakes baked, garments hastily washed out and ironed. In the intervals of these practical holiday jobs the housewife is expected to be able to sit down and entertain all visitors, and to present a well waved and manicured look along with some sprightly chat, however much she is inwardly worrying about her timetable, which has all gone to pot.

A sort of off season for housekeepers should be declared about the middle of January, when the children are all safely back in school and life has settled into the long pull to Easter. This holiday for harassed housewives should include at least two meals eaten out each week. Even if you have one of those rare things, a maid, it saves menu planning. Everyone should agree not to ask to have anything sewed on or mended, better a hole in a heel and a slipping trouser. No extra people —young or old—should be brought in to meals. A new novel and a seat by the fire will be fine amusement after the bedlam of the last weeks. Meals should be simple with no begging for the sort of curry which takes hours of tasting and flavoring, or the cake with the icing which has to be beaten for half an hour straight. Let's have a little simplicity after what was for nearly everyone in this fortunate land a pretty richly fed Christmas. Here are some simple dinner menus to help in the campaign to rest housewives.

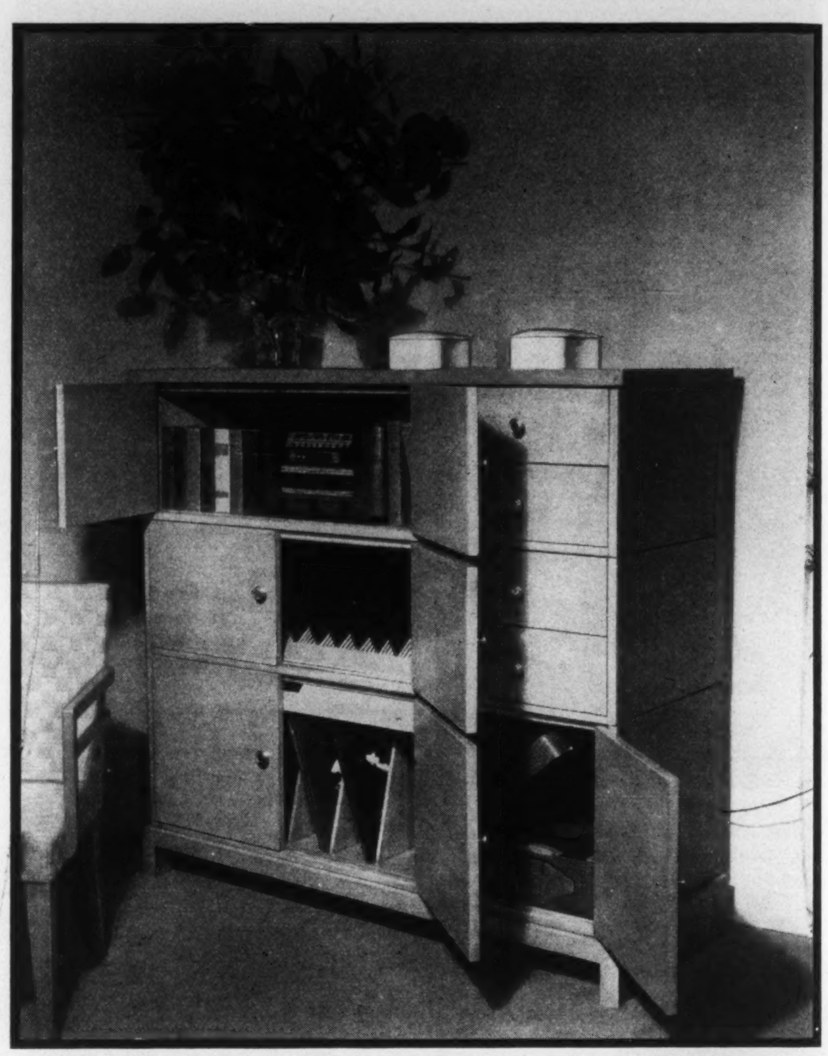
Ox-Tail Soup
Meat Balls with Mushrooms
Mashed Potatoes Frozen Beans
Fruit Salad

You may energetically choose to make your ox-tail soup out of the real tails, but most people reach for the can opener, only the canned sort tastes better with milk, instead of water, added, and dash of sherry.

These days it's hard to say what meat the balls will be made of, but with a good allowance of seasoning and onion all meat balls are good, though beef is of course best. Remember that it seems almost impossible to put too much pepper in meat balls. Fry some mushrooms to go with them. Put enough fat in the pan to avoid burning and put the mushrooms in gill side up. On top of each one put a little daub of fat—bacon is the best if you have any—and cover the frying pan and let them cook very slowly for about fifteen minutes. Then flip them the other way up for just a minute before serving. Everyone can mash potatoes, particularly now that rationed butter gives us a chance to add a little which we hardly dared to do in the days of the great search. The frozen beans are the tired housekeeper's delight. Just drop them in boiling water. The fruit salad you make of whatever bottled fruit turns up in the refrigerator along with some orange or grapefruit, and with a few preserved cherries on top.

Consommé
Lamb Stew
Custard with Cookies

Consommé is always a fine start to a meal, and again sherry adds a whole lot to it. Stew takes a bit of time to make, but it can all be done ahead and re-heated just before serving and it's nice not having to battle with other vegetables. Get the butcher to cut up a front of lamb or whatever bit he has which isn't too fat. It should be in fair sized chunks cut right through the bone and all. Allow about two pounds for five people.



A living room chest of drawers, built by the unit system, offers a complete program for living — and listening. Drawers of the separate chests are specially sized to hold records, albums, radio and Victrola.

Fry one large or two small onions and when the onion is lightly browned put the pieces in a pan and brown the bits of meat in the fat the onion cooked in. Then put them with the onion. Stir in flour and let it brown well, season and add boiling water and stir till it thickens. Then pour on the meat and onions. Cook very gently for about three quarters of an hour. Scrape and slice about four carrots and three medium potatoes and add to the stew. Cook for another forty minutes. Add the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoon of brown sugar and salt and pepper to taste.

Custard may sound like nursery food, and it is, but it's fine for you too. It's quick to make and it's a good dessert with some crisp cookies added.

Baked Custard

1½ cups of milk
2 tablespoons of sugar
Salt
1 egg and the yolk of a second
Vanilla

Beat the eggs and add the sugar and salt. Warm the milk and pour it on while warm. Stir in vanilla and pour in baking pan and oven poach till it sets.

If you run into a shortage of the meat you particularly wanted you can always make fish taste pretty good this way.

Scalloped Fish

2 fillets of fish
1½ cups of white sauce
¼ cup of grated cheese
Bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

Poach the fish very gently, and lift the pieces out and put them in a shallow baking dish. Pour on the white sauce and sprinkle with crumbs and cheese and brown in the oven.

The flat pelt of grey kidskin lends itself admirably to intricate manipulation. The form-fitting waistline is gathered into a narrow belt and tied.

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5 Make only exact amount needed — never more.
6 Serve coffee soon after it's made.

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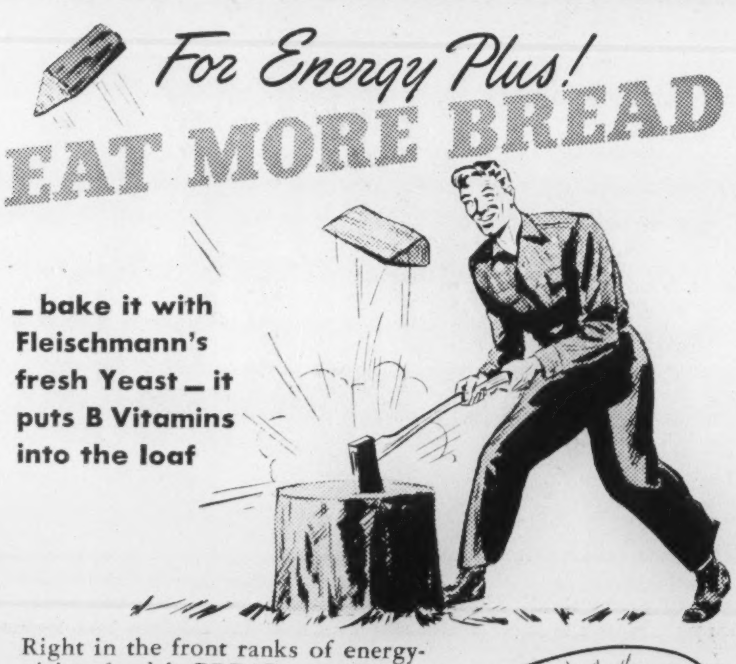

—bake it with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—it puts B Vitamins into the loaf

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If *you* bake at home, use Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast and be sure of white, sweet-tasting, fine-textured bread. This *dependable* yeast has been Canada's favorite for over 70 years. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's—the *fresh* Yeast with the familiar yellow label.

MADE IN CANADA

HEART OF THE LOAF

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Your silver will "say nice things about you" when you maintain its lustrous beauty with famous "Goddard's" polishes. "Goddard's" reveals the natural beauty of precious silver without scratches or smears. It removes stubborn tarnish in a twinkling. Clean your silverware regularly with "Goddard's"

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A Thrifty Touch of Heinz Famous "Aids-to-Appetite" Will Add Sparkle and Flavour to War-Time Meals

● Now, more than ever before, steady nerves and sturdy bodies are needed on the home front. To keep fit is more than a personal ideal — it is a patriotic duty.

The keystone of fitness is proper nutrition. A war-time diet requires those basic foods which supply energy . . . that build and repair . . . that protect and make us strong . . . food that will keep workers on the job, and ward off the threatening results of war-time fatigue.

But meal-appeal is important, too. Yet, with so many homemakers busily engaged in war-work the time available for meal preparation is often restricted. Here is where Heinz "aids-to-appetite" fit perfectly into the diet-pattern of today. Even hurried or ordinary dishes can be made to glow with appetite-appeal when enriched with the zestful flavour of Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili Sauce, or Heinz Tomato Chutney. Other favourite Heinz products for war-time tables are Heinz "57" Beefsteak Sauce — Heinz Worcestershire Sauce — Heinz Mustards — Heinz Evaporated Horseradish — Heinz Pickles. And for salad-supremacy, of course, Heinz aged-in-the-wood Vinegars.

Under present conditions, you may not *always* find your favorite Heinz variety on your grocer's shelf. In this case, we suggest that you make a selection from the other Heinz varieties he has in stock. Whichever you choose, you will find the same perfection of quality and taste-satisfaction that has made the name of Heinz famous for more than 70 years.

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Musical Events

Mendelssohn Choir in Revival

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

UNTIL December 29, when it gave a superb presentation of Handel's "Messiah" under its new conductor Sir Ernest MacMillan, the Mendelssohn Choir had not made a really significant public appearance since its brilliant performance of Berlioz's "Grand Requiem for All the Dead" in Varsity Arena during the spring of 1938. Nor should one forget Dr. Fricker's revival of the Bach B minor Mass and his memorable production of William Walton's unique "Belshazzar's Feast" heard in 1937. All three performances were in keeping with the great traditions of a body once justly known as the finest choral organization in North America. That in the past four seasons it fell behind was due to fate,—the continued ill health of Dr. Fricker. His service since he came to Canada in 1916 to succeed the Choir's founder, Dr. A. S. Vogt, is best appreciated by those who recall the total of great works performed during the two decades or more when he was at his best. The present writer, who knew Dr. Vogt intimately, was aware of his hope that in the Mendelssohn Choir he had created something greater than himself, something that would live on as his best memorial. The Choir has played such a remarkable part in the musical experiences of some of us that it was shocking to contemplate the possibility that dissolution was at hand. It was therefore with rejoicing that many of us learned that Sir Ernest MacMillan at the sacrifice of certain other interests had consented to accept the conductorship and apply his superb talents and energies to giving the Choir a new lease of life.

No Mortality

There has existed a superstition that choral organizations were subject to a limited span, contingent on the length of time a conductor felt able to carry on. The fallacy of this superstition has been proven by the history of many ancient choral bodies in England, and in America by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, which dates back to 1815. When Dr. Vogt retired over a quarter of a century ago, there were those who thought that the days of the Choir were numbered; and when Dr. Fricker found himself no longer able to continue, there were those of a succeeding generation who wished to hang out the crepe. But once more the man to give new life to an historic institution has been found in Sir Ernest, a fact obvious to all who heard "Messiah" at Massey Hall last week.

The Scene of Glory

When the thrilling Berlioz "Requiem" was given in Varsity Arena, as a final demonstration of Dr. Fricker's rare initiative and organizing ability, the writer felt that an error had been made in departing from the scene of the Mendelssohn Choir's earliest triumphs, Massey Hall, the auditorium where it had presented great works in association with such conductors as Victor Herbert, Emil Paur, Frederick Stock, Modest Altschuler, Leopold Stokowski, and Fritz Reiner. Massey Hall is integrally bound up with the Choir's history. The great auditorium first opened its doors (also with a performance of "Messiah") a few months before Dr. Vogt founded his choral society. It was the existence of Massey Hall which rendered possible the subsequent developments that became famous throughout musical America. The idea of creating a large singing body which in tonal quality should approximate to the best orchestral performances was suggested to Dr. Vogt by a young musician, W. H. Hewlett, now dead, who in his later years was conductor of the Elgar Choir at Hamilton. Presentation of great choral and orchestral works, which came in course of time, would have been impossible had Toronto not possessed an auditorium as fine as Carnegie Hall, New York, erected almost at the same time. To me it brought a sentimental reaction to hear the Choir making its comeback in the scene of its first triumphs so long ago.

In the production one noted a return to the original policy of Dr. Vogt. That was the co-operation in certain episodes of choristers from four local churches trained by F. C. Silvester, Dr. Charles Peaker, T. J. Crawford and G. D. Atkinson. In organizing the original Choir Dr. Vogt's first step was to secure the co-operation of a large number of local choirmasters who brought in their best voices; thus a hold on the interest of the whole city (much smaller than to-day) was obtained.

A Wartime Balance

The balance of the 1943 Choir is not so good as it will become under peacetime conditions. Of the 184 choristers, exclusive of the 100 or more outsiders, only 28 were tenors; there were 62 sopranos, 47 altos and 47 basses. Though overshadowed the tenors made a surprisingly good showing, and other sections were admirable. The familiar choruses demand especially brilliance in the soprano section and sonority in the basses. In these respects the renderings were superb. I think it will be admitted by those who have been hearing "Messiah" for many years that Sir Ernest has more fire than any local conductor who has previously conducted the work, and a greater gift for eliciting a fine edge of expression, and building up an enthralling crescendo. Naturally these gifts were most apparent in such massive episodes as "Who is the King of Glory?", "Worthy is the Lamb" and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. With regard to the latter I have an enquiry as to how the custom of standing throughout its rendering arose. It dates from the first performance in London in 1743 when King George II spontaneously rose in homage at the vital call of the opening bars. When a monarch stands everyone stands, and the practice forthwith became a tradition.

The meticulous attention to detail which marked Sir Ernest's preparations was even more apparent in less grandiose choruses, and he seemed to have entered on an analysis of every detail. This was particularly apparent in the suggestive phrasing of the words "goodwill toward men" in the angelic chorus, and again in the handling of the line "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" which concludes the famous chorus "All We Like Sheep".

Very few composers have possessed Handel's instinct for sympathetic and thrilling use of the solo voice. Though their genius was dissimilar he was as skilful in this as Verdi. The solos in "Messiah" though unquestionably difficult are so grateful that the voice of a singer sounds much better in these numbers than in lyrics by less inspired composers. He would be a hardened unbeliever indeed who could not be moved by the consolatory beauty of such arias as "He Shall Feed His Flock" (for alto) and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" (for soprano). In the former the emotional warmth and perfect phrasing of Eileen Law were manifest, as in all her solos. Nor could one ask a more pure and appealing rendering of the second named aria than that of Frances James. It was beautiful as vocalism and still more inspiring in its spiritual sincerity. In most productions of "Messiah", the bass soloist is the weak spot, but the grandeur of Oscar Natzke's tones and the distinction of his style made "Why Do the Heathen?" and "The Trumpet Shall Sound" glorious memories. A true Handelian basso is a *rara avis*, but the New Zealander is assuredly one of the very best, and in the latter aria additional glory was provided by the trumpet obligato of Ellis McLintock. Perhaps because of a cold, the moving tenor tones of William Morton were not at their best in the opening arias but toward the end he gave a brilliant example of declamatory singing in "Thou Shalt Break Them".

"Messiah" is so impressive vocally that listeners are apt to forget that the orchestra has a stirring work to do and in this case did it so well that Sir Ernest hardly needed to look in their direction.

Skipper "Mike" Moran of the U.S.S. "Boise" which attacked, then sank six Jap warships off Guadalcanal.

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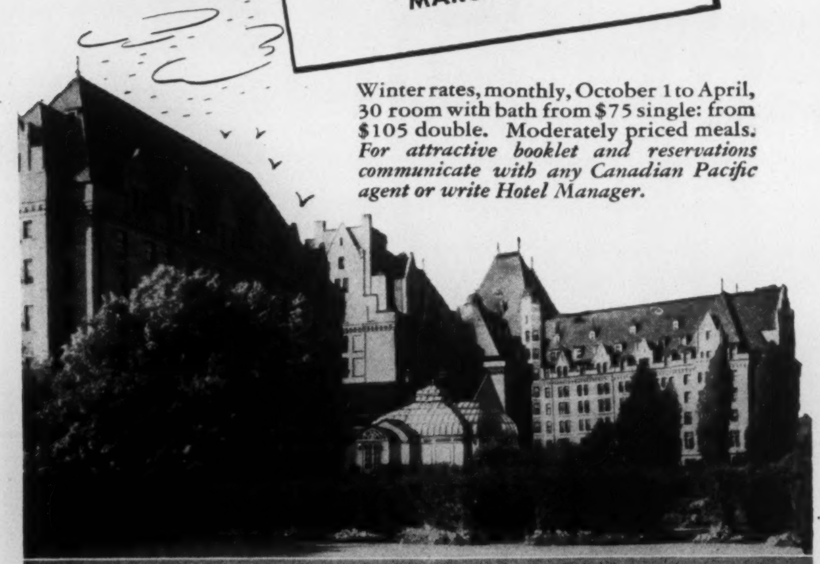

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THE FILM PARADE

Holiday Week

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WORLD WAR II gets a few sequences in "For Me and My Gal" and World War I a by-line or two in "The Major and the Minor". Apart from these references the World-Situation was left to take care of itself for holiday week. It seemed to be managing very satisfactorily.

"The Major and the Minor", as you probably know, has Ginger Rogers impersonating a twelve-year-old child, and Ray Milland as a paternalistic Major in the American Army. I couldn't get round the feeling that Ray Milland looked much too young for a Major and Ginger far too mature for a minor, so it was a little hard to fall into the spirit of the thing. Nobody else, at any rate on the screen, seemed to share my difficulty except another twelve-year-old child, a young biologist who it seemed had made a study of the secondary sex characteristics.

We haven't had grown-up women playing little girls on the screen since the early days of Mary Pickford. Now within a month or two of each other Ginger Rogers and Diana Barrymore have reverted to pigtails and it's either pure coincidence or the script writers have been doing some loose talking, with other script writers bending their ears from the next table. Diana had the advantage locally of getting here first ("Between Us Girls"), but Ginger makes up for it by having a much funnier picture.

The most diverting sequences take place in the Wallace Military Academy, where a group of dreadfully precocious junior cadets try to demonstrate the Maginot Line and the encirclement of Paris on Ginger's person. I've still to be convinced that the star looks like twelve years old, but she manages easily to act like one. Ray Milland does the best he can with the role of the Major, a junior blimp type who first mistakes Ginger for a kiddie, then confuses her with her own mother. He's very nice and chivalrous about it all but certainly no brighter than he ought to be.

"FOR Me and My Gal" puts Judy Garland into the long skirts and high spats of the pre-World War I period, thus hiding from sight, except for a few sequences, a pair of the liveliest and prettiest legs on the screen. It's a rather sad little story, with George Murphy loving Judy, Judy loving Gene Kelley, and Gene Kelley loving chiefly himself; a familiar pattern. Your pleasure in the film will depend largely on your enjoyment of the songs of the period ("Oh You Beautiful Doll", "Me and My Gal", etc.) and of Judy Garland's way of putting them across; which is simply to abandon vocalism as she warms up, and shout her heart out.

The studio couldn't apparently make up its mind whether Gene Kelley (late of "Pal Joey") should be presented as a heel or a hero. So it settled matters by making him both. This called for some Dostoievskian struggles on the hero's part which he managed with as little embarrassment as possible to the audience. It was the fault of the role rather than of his performance that people laughed occasionally in the wrong places.

THE Bob Hope-Bing Crosby-Dorothy Lamour collaborations are getting to be like a prolonged family joke, except that in this case the joke generally manages to be funny to outsiders. There are even references by this time to other "road" shows, which may be bewildering to customers who haven't been following the Hope-Crosby itinerary. They make it clear to everyone, even the widest-eyed movie-goer, that the whole thing is hokum, and not even superior hokum. Their own superiority lies in being a lot funnier than their material.

Nothing could be more ramshackle than the general structure of "The Road to Morocco" and it suits the boys perfectly. They just fill in the chinks with gags, some of them funny and some of them terrible, and the final result is as crazy as possible but undeniably expert.

THE fault of screen commentators is that they talk too loudly, too authoritatively, and far too much. They have developed a Style, and the style has become a formalized habit, a sort of loud lay litany going on in the background. The result is that people rarely listen very closely to what they have to say. The Voice has merged with the sound effects that accompany scenes of tanks or assembly lines of Red Cross Workers or groups of lady welders. If the commentator would stop being compelling and sonorous and drop to a normal conversational level, if he would even just stop, for a moment, he might startle us into attention.

The chances are that no one would have noticed or been greatly influenced by the commentary of "Inside Fighting Canada" if Mr. Hepburn hadn't drawn such violent attention to it. I listened to it carefully when the film appeared last week and in doing so realized that it was the first commentary in the series that I had heard from end to end. It didn't sound like insidious political propaganda. It sounded very much like all the rest.

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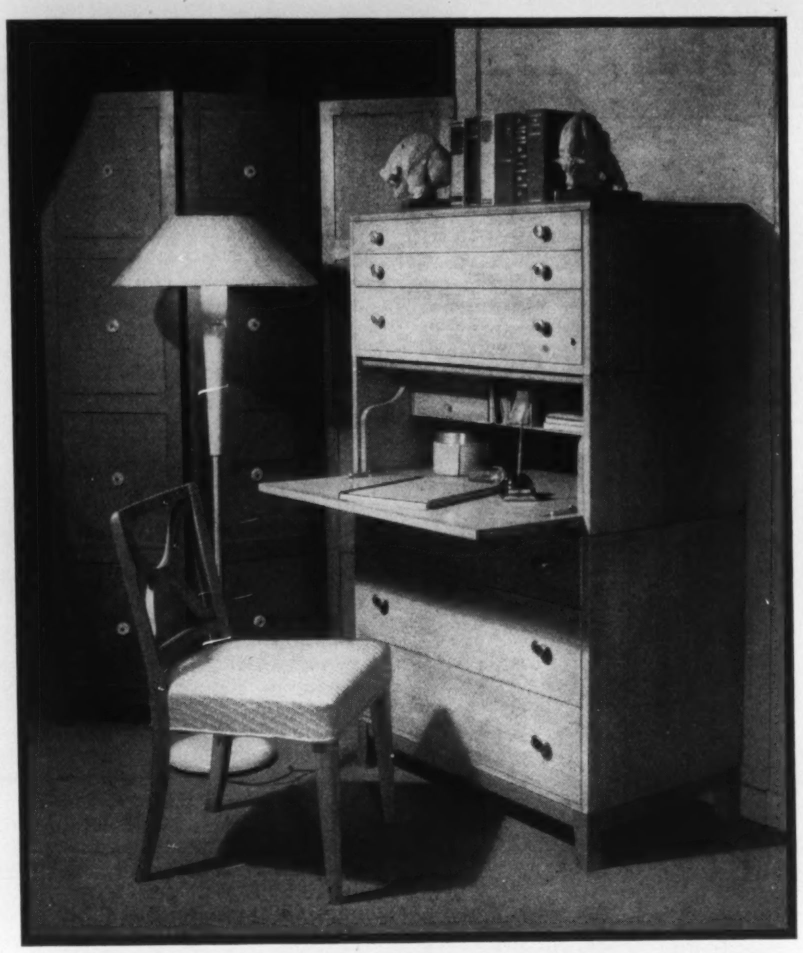

One of the most modern furniture developments is the use of units arranged, like children's building blocks, to suit one's purpose. Here, in a man's apartment, two chests of drawers are grouped with a desk.

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DRESSING TABLE

To Your Health!

BY ISABEL MORGAN

THE time has passed when the state of one's health, like that of one's morals or income, came under the purely private heading of One's Own Business. Formerly, if Miss Carmichael — either because of ignorance or disregard of health rules —became "run-down" and went into a decline, her friends said merely, "Tch, tch, poor Miss Carmichael— she had such wonderful taste in hats, too!" And then phoned the florist to order a mixed bouquet.

But now Mr., Mrs. or Miss Carmichael's health or lack of it is rapidly becoming a matter of public interest for it affects the well-being of the state. We shouldn't be surprised if in the not very distant future, a vague state of incomplete health or preventable illness may call, not for sympathy, but implied reproach.

It has taken the nation's greatest urgency to bring us around to the idea that illness of the sort that is preventable is a luxury — outrageously expensive in time, money, and the slowing down of mental and physical faculties at a time when it is of the utmost importance that we be able to give to the combined efforts of all the finest contributions of which we are capable.

As a small illustration of this fact, we come again to our friend Miss Carmichael. Some time ago she registered as a donor to the Blood Donor's Clinic of the Red Cross. The thought that she could make such a small, but direct contribution, in helping to save the life of someone who had risked his life on the battlefield gave her a warm glow of satisfaction.

She arrived at the Clinic and was sent to a room for the usual blood count. She had to wait a little while others went before her, and was sorry when a thin pale girl was turned down because of her low count. "Poor dear," thought Miss Carmichael, "probably malnutrition."

When Miss Carmichael's turn came a woman doctor pricked her thumb, put the droplet on a slide and told her to take it to the nurse, who looked at it through a rather elaborate microscope.

Rib-knit accents the waist of this pale blue coat sweater. Note the patch pockets and buttons of silver. A chartreuse scarf, worn peasant style, is added to give color contrast.

Alexis Smith's smooth pompadour is kept in place by a very few pins.

Scarcity of hairpins has caused Hollywood designers to create for the stars coiffures requiring few. In some cases a ribbon of real hair is used to do the work of the missing hairpins.

Ann Sheridan's long page-boy bob is swirled over, held in a fine net.

"Another low count!" exclaimed the nurse as she put down Miss Carmichael's slide. "You're a sixty, and we don't take anyone whose count is below eighty. I would advise you to see your doctor and he'll probably give you a tonic."

Miss Carmichael put on her hat and coat with mingled feelings. She felt a little like a youngster who is the only one in the class who failed to pass, and a little ashamed, too, that she could not make her contribution to this necessary work. Then she thought of the skimpy breakfasts, her lack of enthusiasm for outdoor exercise of any sort, the late hours she went to bed.

That day she made an appointment with a doctor. Now she's taking a vile-tasting tonic full of concentrated liver and iron. The government's nutrition rules are tacked up on the walls of her kitchen, and she's regarding her health as something to be cherished and guarded, instead of being taken for granted.

In the unlikely event that the thought of your continued good health as something due yourself and your country leaves you cold, it should be remembered that there is a very desirable premium on good health. The state of one's hair, complexion, the glint or lack of it in one's eyes stem directly from the physical condition. High vitality, the sparkplug of personality is another reward for ordinary regard of health rules.

It is just possible that a few more vitamins in the nation's diet may cause a slump in the demand for books such as "How To Make Friends and Influence People."

Enhancing The Photographer's Art

BY CLARA BROWN

THOROUGHLY convinced in her own mind that there never had been and never would be three such beautiful, intelligent children as her own, Mrs. Anthony arranged an appointment with the photographer. She spent much time selecting one for, after all, wasn't she doing him a great honor? No doubt when he saw her children he would welcome them with open arms, thrilled at the prospect of how they would enhance his art.

For two or three days before the appointed time, her mind was busy selecting the proper clothes for them all to wear. They must be the kind that would show up well in a photograph. Then she spent a long time getting them ready, freshly laundered and pressed.

Advance Work

During the morning of the great day, Mrs. Anthony made frequent trips to the baby, with a hairbrush, and then stood back to admire and criticize her handiwork. She was trying to get just the right sort of a curl along the top of her head. Unfortunately, the baby's hair was perfectly straight, and resisted stubbornly any attempts to make it bend in the right places. Feverishly Mrs. Anthony brushed it all the more while the baby smiled forgivingly at her.

A good two hours before the appointment she began getting the children ready. She began on the Five Year Old—dressing her carefully and then combing her hair into two long braids and painstakingly tying ribbons on them. When Five Year Old was complete, she sat her upon a chair, with strict injunctions not to move. Then Three Year Old had his turn. His hair, equally stubborn, was oiled and brushed down flat. (Mrs. Anthony has been heard to threaten to keep on having babies until she gets one with curly hair.) He watched his mother in bewilderment as she fussed and fiddled over him. Then at last, it was the baby's turn. She had been blessed at birth with a very happy disposition and came up smiling after almost any ordeal, so her mother's renewed attacks upon her little topknot just made her wriggle.

Panting a little, Mrs. Anthony got them all into their outdoor things. (Asked once how she kept her slim figure, she replied promptly that it was her "galosh exercises"—putting on and taking off three or four times a day two pairs of small stubborn galoshes over equally stubborn shoes, from November until the first bright days of May.)

With just the vaguest look in the mirror at the set of her hat, she gathered up the children and set out for the photographer's.

Once there, she was amazed and a little hurt to find that he was quite calm over the wonderful thing that was about to happen to him. With a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, he arranged her three upon a bench, while she stood back to admire. Really, she had never seen them look so well!

The photographer finished arranging them and then the upper part of him vanished into his black cloth, only to reappear a second later. He stood back and regarded the trio arranged on the bench.

"Oh, my gosh, they're terrible!" were the astounding words he uttered.

Mrs. Anthony looked at him in shocked disbelief. Surely her ears were deceiving her? But no, he really meant it, for he had thrown up his arms in disgust and was slowly beating his knuckles against his forehead.

With an indignant retort upon her lips, Mrs. Anthony was all ready to forget her dignity when he vanished behind the black cloth again. He spent some time fiddling around and then he came out and advanced upon the children. They gazed at him warily. Then he began to coax and smile, to make funny faces and noises. He whistled like a bird. He danced like a monkey. He cajoled and pleaded. "Sit up straight, little boy, that's a good boy", he said.

Little Boy did so, sitting as straight as a poker and assuming an expression that was worthy of John Drew himself.

The photographer turned his back and began to mutter.

Mrs. Anthony thought it was time she took things in hand. She went over to the children, patting and soothing them, conscious that their reputation and hers and that of the whole family was at stake. She accomplished a little, the children began to relax a very little bit. The photographer brushed her aside, and lo, a miracle took place. In no time at all they were all smiling easily at him and one lovely pose after another came and went before Mrs. Anthony's proud and happy gaze.

"At last he is really beginning to appreciate them," she thought, while the photographer enthusiastically slipped plate after plate into the camera. "Probably he wasn't feeling well, when I first arrived, poor man; insomnia, perhaps. I'll smile forgivingly at him when he tells me what a perfect subject the baby is, how she smiles so wholeheartedly at him with no excuse at all. And he can't help remark on Peter's intelligent look and wide brow, and on Sylvia's sparkling brown eyes and vivacious expression."

"Thank you very much, madam, that will be all", said the photographer brusquely as he ushered her and her brood to the door. She had no time to smile forgivingly at him before the door shut between them. An attendant helped her put on the children's things and to struggle with the refractory rubbers.

"Ah, well," sighed Mrs. Anthony, as she wearily made her way home. "I'm sure he isn't married, he must be one of those horrible old bachelors. He certainly is not A Lover Of Children."

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FEMININE OUTLOOK

St. David's Island in Wartime

BY MARION SIMMS

UNTIL the war, St. David's at the northern tip of the Bermudas, was an island little known to the rest of the world. Few of its clannish families had ever stepped foot off the island, even to visit nearby Hamilton or St. George.

Today, the island and its activities have world significance. To provide space for a United States defense base, some 300 islanders have left ancestral homes in forced migrations to other parts of the island.

The post—covering two thirds of the southern section of this 500-acre island—has eliminated some of the most fertile farms in the Bermudas, as well as fields once producing the famous Easter lilies for the colony's perfume industry, and the now rare arrowroot.

Until the opening seven years ago of Severn drawbridge, joining St. David's to the town of St. George across the channel, the island of green cedars was a place of true isolation. The islanders, some of whom are descended from Irish exiles banished from their own Emerald Isle by an edict of Oliver Cromwell following the uprising of 1650, have cherished their isolation for nearly three centuries.

Black Horse Tavern

Even with the building of the bridge span, they seldom travelled to adjoining islands. Their one contact with the outside world came through occasional meetings with sightseeing visitors from America and Europe who made use of the old ferryboat that shuttled between Market Wharf at St. George and the small pier on St. David's island.

Travellers were enthusiastic over the island, which is one of the most beautiful in the hundreds of little isles making up the Bermuda group. They would visit the Black Horse Tavern by the water's edge, climb hill roads to the farms, and sunbathe on white beaches. And there was the visit to the Scot who kept the stone lighthouse on the eastern end of the island, where—from a high balcony—is to be found one of the most magnificent views of the islands.

There were no carriages on St. David's. Visitors might, though, hire the island's hearse for exploring trips.

Habits remained simple, almost primitive. Even after roads were built, the barefoot habit of the old cowpath days persisted. On Sunday, today's natives patter along with their shoes in their hands, slipping into them only when reaching the church for weekly services.

Nightfall on St. David's in the old days meant the end of all communication with the outside world, for then the ferryboat stopped running.

One of the problems resulting from St. David's sudden new status in international geography was the resettling of people shocked and bewildered at the unexpected loss of homes and lands. Some were fishermen who have always made their living catching lobsters which are found abundantly along the southeast coast of the island. The livelihood of others had come from vegetable gardens and livestock.

In uprooting these families, every effort was made to ease the adjustment by duplicating as nearly as possible the surroundings of their former homes.

Largest property owner of St. David's was a lean and whiskered man of 80, known familiarly to everyone as "Tommy". He was Captain Henry Mortimer Fox, who died recently.

"Tommy" was born on the island, but unlike the others, he was well informed on world happenings. So his acceptance of the mass moving day was more philosophical than his neighbors.

Once a whaling captain, and an expert on whales, Tommy's regret was that the constant whir of airplane engines around the defense post had frightened away the sea giants which have always been part of the scene.

Tommy was an expert, too, on the deportment of hurricanes, and his exciting accounts of high winds in the Gulf Stream and the Caribbean were always thrilling to visitors.

Mrs. Tommy Fox, his 80-year-old wife, still survives and is energetic and animated. For years she has been filling old carved chests with exquisitely made bedspreads and other delicate handwork. She steadily declines to sell any of them to travellers who have admired her skill.

A strong believer in old fashioned methods, Mrs. Fox has always used a big, primitive outdoor oven for her baking.

A Long History

St. David's has always been an island of racial phenomena. In its early history it was a place of exile and slavery for many.

First came the Irish refugees, together with some English and Scots. Then—in the latter part of the seventeenth century—about 80 captured Pequot Indians from the Massachusetts Bay region, with their chief, were shipped to the Bermudas as serfs.

Most of them worked on the great estates of Captain Anthony White. Later, with the growth of the lucrative African slave trade, the Bermudas received an infiltration of Negroes. The gradual intermingling of these races has produced some interesting contrasts in characteristic and physiognomy.

Although not all St. David's islanders are of mixed blood, of course, a number do show such unusual combinations as copper-colored skin and blue eyes, or red hair and dusky complexions, with the high cheek-bones and hawk nose of the American Indian.

The history of the island has been one of continuous peace following that turbulent period. And now, nearly 300 years from the time sailing ships dumped their pitiful cargoes of homeless from five continents on the little strip of coral in the Atlantic, the islanders have been jolted from the quiet and happy routine.

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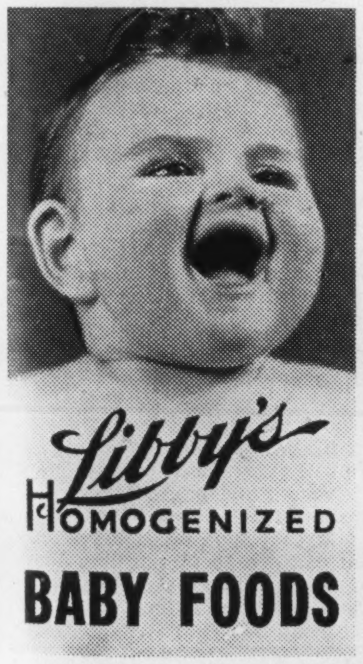

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What is Health Worth to You—to Your Country?

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

War and civilian production is being hobbled because every day some 125,000 Canadians are away from work through illness. Efficiency is further reduced due to the fact that a large number of workers suffer from dietary deficiencies.

Medical experts tell us that a large percentage of this illness could be prevented. They say that it is ignorance, indifference and self indulgence which are thus sabotaging the health of the people.

TO YOU, health is priceless, for without it anything else you have or may accomplish is of little avail.

To the nation, the health of the people is invaluable. It is its most precious asset. Canada needs healthy citizens, strong, vigorous men and women with vitality and courage enough to endure a long war and to carve out a new post-war world worth fighting for. Physical fitness is as essential to victory as ships and guns.

How does the health of Canadians rate? Not as high as we used to think. It has been a shock to learn that nearly one-half of the men examined for military service were not physically fit for duty. Then, too, recent surveys have revealed that about 60% of the Canadian people are close to or actually are undernourished.

How does this affect our war effort? The manpower shortage is our most formidable wartime problem. We need more men and women for the armed forces and at the same time we must have more and more workers for our ship yards and our war factories. Yet, every working day throughout the year, some 125,000 Canadians are away from work because of illness. Just when they are needed so badly, here are 125,000 business executives, office workers, foremen, skilled and experienced workers constantly idle. If the time thus lost could be turned to the making of airplanes and ships we would have manpower sufficient to double our production of these two most important war industries.

Moreover, production is further reduced because a large percentage of workers are physically under par, as, for example, the 60% suffering from dietary deficiencies. Our war effort will never reach peak efficiency if three-fifths of our human resources operate below capacity because of faulty eating habits.

Medical experts tell us that a good percentage of this illness could be prevented and sub-normal health improved by good health habits, correct living and working conditions and wise preventive measures. They say that it is largely ignorance, indifference and self-indulgence that are sabotaging the health of the people. If it is a crime to wilfully destroy war materials, why should we be allowed to carelessly waste manpower —our greatest national asset?

Industry and public health organizations are alive to industrial health problems which are increasing as war production intensifies. Research is being conducted into all major physical and mental questions of workers' health to determine optimum working conditions, to provide early diagnosis and preventive treatment to forestall illness and also to secure medical attention to keep sickness absences to a minimum. But the average person has not realized as yet his personal responsibility for his own health. Here is a duty no Canadian can dodge; to keep himself physically fit. It calls for grit and perseverance. It means self-discipline, not self-indulgence. It means changing habits which transgress the laws of health. And habits dig deep and are hard to uproot. While health is priceless, you don't get it for nothing. Let us look at some of the laws of health which are most commonly broken and which cause a good percentage of preventable disease and sub-normal health.

Results of Faulty Diet

Diseases and disorders stemming from faulty diet and eating habits are probably one of the most serious causes of lost time. Recent surveys show that a large percentage of Canadians—both rich and poor—are improperly nourished. It was found that diet deficiencies usually occur in the food elements essential to health, that is in foods rich in minerals and vitamins, rather than in the energy-giving foods such as proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Marked deficiencies of vitamin B and iron were prevalent in diets of families in high income group. Families in low income group showed a better record in this regard, probably because they eat more porridge, beans, cheaper cuts of meat such as liver and kidney, all of which are rich sources of vitamin B and iron.

Families in low income groups showed diets deficient in calcium and vitamin C. Richest source of calcium is milk and of vitamin C, citrus fruits. That other foods are cheaper and more filling is probably the reason that these protective foods were not found in sufficient quantites in diets of families of low income group.

Some eat too much and too rich food and pay the penalty in overweight, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, high blood pressure, headaches and many other ills that come from improper diet and over eating.

Others don't eat enough, probably in an effort to keep slim and as a consequence suffer from nervous disorders, lowered vitality and increased susceptibility to disease.

Being well fed means more than filling the stomach with enough food to appease hunger. It means even more than eating the food that protects the body from disease. Being well fed means eating not only the proper kind but also the proper amount of food to produce abundant health and vitality. Nutrition experts tell us that no fewer than thirty food elements are needed for healthful, normal living. Fortunately, the average diet contains the majority of them but it is necessary to watch that each day you get the following protective foods—one half to one pint pasteurized milk, one egg, some meat, two cooked vegetables besides potatoes and raw fruit or raw vegetables. In addition, in winter months sunshine vitamin D should be added by taking cod liver oil or other fish oils or some other source of vitamin D.

But to get the correct amount and kind of food is not enough. Food should be taken at regular hours. The digestive system is controlled by nerves that are trained to work on time. If its regular schedule is frequently broken, the digestive organs, long used to regular hours, strike and you get indigestion.

Health experts say that some recreation or play is needed every day. Under the strain of wartime living this is more than ever a necessity.

Adequate rest is essential to health. A proper amount of sleep is worth all the medicine in the drug store. Fatigue is the natural result of work. It affects your health only when you fail to recover during your periods of rest.

Better wear from your car and your tires can be obtained by having periodic check-ups. It has been found that it does not pay to wait until something is wrong and a repair job is necessary. This is just as true of yourself. Prevention is better and cheaper than cure. A periodic medical and dental check-up may save you lost time and serious trouble.

ART AND ARTISTS

Henri Rousseau --- Inspiration to Amateurs

BY R. S. LAMBERT

"IT IS impossible," says Ruskin, "that the performance of an amateur can ever be otherwise than feeble." In making this pontifical announcement, Ruskin was no doubt thinking of the thousands of young Victorian ladies of his time, brought up to claim, on the merits of a casual practice of sketching, the title of "artist". However, as in many things, Ruskin was too sweeping. Amateurs have contributed their full share to the glory of art.

In Canada, where it has always been difficult to earn a livelihood by painting, we could hardly have had our native landscape school without the amateur. Even in nineteenth century France, there was Corot, who worked as a draper's assistant, and painted every day for sixteen years without selling a picture. And after him came Cézanne, who, with an ample private income to support him, painted from his early twenties till his death at 67 without taking any interest in sales; indeed, not till he was 56 did he hold his first one-man show of his paintings.

Rousseau the Amateur

Professionals have always tended to belittle the amateur—and above all the elderly amateur—in the arts. Can a man start in middle life, with no training, and only his spare time to work in, and yet become a great painter? Even here there are examples to encourage us; Paul Gauguin, for instance, a sentimentalized version of whose life is now to be seen at the movies. But the most positive answer is supplied by Henri Rousseau, whose work is on view at the Toronto Art Gallery this month. For Rousseau was not only an amateur; and not only 41 before he began to paint; he was also a working man with only a primary education, who earned his living as a humble inspector of customs—that is why he is commonly known as Rousseau le Douanier.

Rousseau was born in 1844, the son of an ironmonger. At 15 he enlisted in the French army, and was sent overseas to Mexico (as a musician in a military band) when the Emperor Napoleon III tried to impose the Archduke Maximilian as Emperor of the Mexicans. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 he rose to the rank of sergeant, and on demobilization was given a post as a minor inspector of customs in the Paris *octroi*. This post he held for fifteen years.

All his life Rousseau had wanted to paint, but was unable to indulge his ambitions till 1885, when he retired from the customs to live in Paris on his tiny pension, eked out by odd jobs such as acting as legal adviser to the poor of his district, and giving music lessons and drawing lessons to the children of local tradesmen; his wife kept a small stationery shop.

Then Rousseau began to paint in earnest. He had never had any art instruction, and worked alone with no master but nature, and no encouragement but the advice of a few friends. But he had a witty mind, a sense of design, a feeling for color, and a long memory. That memory was stored with what he had seen in Mexico as a youth twenty years back —an exotic imagery of tropical birds, beasts and flowers. Now he began to bring them all to life again in his pictures.

But somehow, all this time his subconscious mind must have been sorting out and selecting the material of these stored-away impressions; for they emerged, not as naturalistic copies of their originals, but as bold decorative designs endowed with the magic touch that you find in some children's fairy tales.

Rousseau, of course, did not rely on memory alone. He visited the Paris zoo to refresh his recollections of wild animals; and from the public gardens he brought back specimens of leaves and flowers which he incorporated in his jungle scenes. Year after year he sent his paintings to the *Salon des Independants*, where anyone who liked could exhibit on payment of a small fee. At first the public laughed at his strange formalized landscapes, and stiff, primitive portraits. But in time, through constant exhibition, his pictures won attention from a group of younger critics. His first painting to gain fame was *The Hungry Lion* in 1905. Then two years later he became the centre of an advanced group of artists, and his pictures began to be sought after. Yet he remained to the day of his death in 1910 poor, naive, and unspoiled, living in a single room with a large window, where he painted, slept and cooked. Every Saturday he would give a concert to his friends, and conduct before them a small orchestra. For Rousseau was one of those rare beings who are both musicians and artists.

Involved in Scandal

Towards the end of his life, Rousseau became (innocently) involved in a financial scandal, and was prosecuted in the law-courts. Terrified, he offered to give the judge the entire output of his studio, if he would let him off. The offer seemed ludicrous at that time; but today Rousseau's inspired "primitives" command high prices, and are eagerly snapped up by collectors and galleries.

Rousseau's art combines the simplicity of the child with the profundity of the philosopher. He did not pick and choose his subjects, but painted whatever came his way—landscapes, still-lifes, portraits,— always with the same enchanting richness of color, humor and imagination. At one time he came under impressionist influences, as some of his most charming Parisian suburban scenes show. But Rousseau was not satisfied with "impressions"; he liked to work up the soft outlines of his sketches till he had separated, classified and simplified all the various elements, and given them definiteness.

Among his jungle scenes we may take as typical one of his last works, *The Dream*, which has been termed "a creative resumé of his whole career." At first glance the naked figure of a woman set on a red sofa in the middle of a jungle seems hopelessly incongruous. But as Rousseau explained to critic André Dupont: "The slave woman on the sofa dreams that she is transported into the forest, hearing the music of the snake-charmer. This explains why the sofa is in the picture." However, to another friend Rousseau confided that "the sofa is only there because of its glowing red color." It was of course based on a piece of furniture in his own room. In this picture Rousseau shows his skill by the inventive ways in which he joins the plane of reality (the sofa) to the plane of the dream (the forest).

Indeed *The Dream* is a triumph of well-arranged spaces and complex zones; over fifty different shades of green alone have been counted among its colors. Asked how he had managed to get so much air to circulate through the trees, and to make the moonlight look so real, Rousseau replied: "By observing nature." Among the foliage of his jungle forest can be picked out the leaves of waterlilies, yuccas, palms and sanseverias —all the results of his botanizing in the public parks.

After Rousseau's death, his friend the poet Guillaume Apollinaire composed an epitaph for him, which the well-known English critic Herbert Read has translated as follows;

"Gentle Rousseau, hear our prayer.
We greet you—
Delaunay, his wife, Mr. Queval and I.
Let our baggage in free at the gates
  of Heaven!
We will bring you some brushes, canvasses and paints,
So that in the sacred peace you enjoy
  in that light of lights
You can set about painting (as you
  once painted my portrait)
The face of the starry sky."

"The Dream", by Henri Rousseau. It is typical of this artist's last works, and has been represented as "a creative resumé of his whole career."

In this landscape may be seen some of the formality which characterized much of Rousseau's work. His sense of design, feeling for color and long memory made up for all he lacked by way of academic art instruction.

THE OTHER PAGE

The Colored Yarns of Poor Mrs. P.

BY MARY WEEKES

"WHATA-MY-BID? Whata-my-bid? Whata-my-bid?" wheedled the auctioneer, as he swung a battered yellow tin box aloft. "Nice box to hold the boy friend's letters—good lock, a number one article! Who'll say fifty cents? Ten? I've ten cents, fifteen, twenty, thirty—thank you, ma'am! Fifty! All done at fifty? Sold to the woman in the left hand row for fifty cents!"

"Oh!" said my young friend, Maizie, in my ear, "sold for fifty cents—that box. Oh, poor Mrs. P.! She'll rise from her grave. That box has been places, across deserts, strapped on camels' backs—it's history!"

"Really?" I said.

At the insistent invitation of Maizie, who was an auction "addict," I had come to see Mrs. P.'s effects sold. It was fun to see what people bought, she said, and to discover the prices they paid for cracked dishes and other junk.

Mrs. P. had lived in our neighborhood. She was a widow and she supported herself by selling from door to door British Made Woollens. She was a positive sort of person who told us what kind of under-clothes our children should wear and how much we could afford to pay for them. Somehow we didn't dispute her selection of garments or her judgment about fits. We agreed to her prices. She was not attractive, but she needed our business. She was always so "right", we figured, that we didn't argue with her. As for keeping her beyond our front doors—we didn't try.

Beneath the auctioneer's table stood a kitchen chair. Tightly stretched across its back were several broken skeins of colored yarns. All at once the trim figure of Mrs. P. was before me, trudging up to my front door with her neat sample case.

"Oh, law!" screamed Maizie. "Her silver tea service gone! Gone for $6.50! Oh, poor Mrs. P!"

"Is that so?" I said, politely.

MAIZIE used to run in and out of Mrs. P.'s house trying on sports sweaters, and she had got to know about Mrs. P.'s things. Her interest was natural.

"That tea service was solid silver," she said, "and old—a real antique. Mrs. P. treasured it. Her people were English silversmiths. My, my!" Maizie's voice carried on with Lucy Price in the next row of seats. I looked at Mrs. P.'s unfinished work—the yarn stretched across the back of the chair—and wondered when she had found time to knit.

"Whata-my-bid, whata-my-bid. . . ?" droned the auctioneer. Some pieces of solid mahogany furniture were quickly knocked down to sharp bidders. Then I heard myself offering $2 for a black japanned tray lacquered in gold and green, and immediately I was the owner.

"Didn't I tell you her stuff was good?" said Maizie. "Eight full rooms of it, not counting that stuff—that stuff out of the attic."

I looked at the "stuff." It was spread out upon the lawn. Everywhere, there were boxes—boxes with lids thrown wide and their contents bulging in vulgar disorder. Military capes and old fashioned nightgowns yellow with age, and with frills at necks and wrists. A man's dress suit and a beaver hat. Ancient umbrellas. A sword.

"She never threw anything out," said Maizie. "She kept everything. She lived in this city for forty years. Mrs. P. was a careful person."

Even the yarns look old, I thought. Her belongings looked as if she never had time to tidy up or to finish things. A basket full of tightly wound balls of the colored yarns was on the seat of the chair. It was hard to imagine Mrs. P. sitting patiently winding yarn, she was so brisk, moving up and down our streets in bitter weather and in hot. For the first time I saw clearly how she had been fighting to maintain her home and her treasured things.

MAIZIE nudged me. "There's that shawl you admired," she said. "He's putting it up."

It was a lovely heavy hand-woven wool shawl of great size and would make a fine rug for my young son's room. I stopped bidding at $8 and the auctioneer said it was mine.

"Oh, law!" said Maizie, "thank goodness poor Mrs. P. isn't alive to see her grand things given away!"

I picked up my tray and shawl and left.

The rug *was* right for my child's room. Its soft rose background set off the fainter rose curtains, the bedspread and the pale wallpaper, while the indirect pattern of blues, greens, blacks and lavenders in the border, though subdued, were dramatic. The japanned antique tray with the border of pale gold autumn leaves was also "right" on my mahogany side table. Yet, I did not feel satisfied. . . .

MAIZIE ran in to see me this morning.

"Where is Mrs. P.'s tray?" she asked, "what have you done with the shawl?" Maizie is always a little breathless and talks in gasps.

"I've put them away," I said.

"Laws! Not using them? You got them cheap."

"Yes," I said.

"Good grief!" said Maizie.

"It's the yarn. Do you remember the yarn that was wound across the back of Mrs. P.'s kitchen chair?" I asked. "And the basket full of wound balls?"

"You spoke about it. So what?" said Maizie.

"Suppose Mrs. P. should come back to finish winding it. I think she would want to finish winding that yarn, don't you?" I said.

MAIZIE'S eyes widened in horror. At last she said again, "Good grief!"

"And suppose she should get past my front door again? I couldn't bear to see her looking at her tray on my table, or at the shawl. The things she treasured," I said.

"Oh, law! you're joking," said Maizie, her eyes wrinkling in laughter.

"No, I'm not!" I said.

"Her ghost?" asked Maizie, with sober face. "That's silly!"

"Can I prevent Mrs. P. from coming in and out of my front door—now?" I asked. "She may have been here last night."

Maizie shot out of her chair.

"Oh, that's a swell joke!" she said, but horror widened her eyes again. "It *is* a joke?"

"No!" I said.

"You saw—her—ghost?" For once Maizie's voice levelled out.

"No!" I said.

Maizie giggled feebly.

"What bothers me," I said, "is that it was irregular for Mrs. P. to have come in the night. Ten in the morning was her time for coming to our street."

"You think poor Mrs. P. was here—her ghost—yet you didn't see it? You are fearfully il-lucid!" said Maizie. She was looking at me strangely.

"It is difficult to be lucid," I said.

"Shucks!" said Maizie, brightly. "It was those vile cucumbers Mamma sent you. I said they'd give you nightmares."

"I came suddenly awake last night and I felt Mrs. P.'s presence in the house—in my room. 'Mrs. P. is dead,' I told myself. Yet I went downstairs expecting to find Mrs. P. inside my front door opening her sample case. I feel sure that I heard her say, 'Your child will take larger sizes this year!' But, where Mrs. P. should be standing, there was only a thick blur," I said.

"Sleepwalking!" said Maizie, sniffily.

"I was wide awake," I explained, patiently. "The front door was fast. 'I don't see how she can rest—with her treasured things scattered about,' I said, out loud. Then I went back to bed."

"Cucumbers give Mamma horrible nightmares, too," said Maizie, restoring the color on her lips.

"This morning I found Mrs. P.'s black japanned tray moved off my side table, and the shawl—well, it looked as if it had been caught by the corner and hauled fiercely off the floor," I said.

"Poor Mrs. P.!" said Maizie, putting away her lipstick.

"Mrs. P. will not rest until she gets her tray and her shawl. Even now, she may be standing inside my front door," I said.

"Oh!" said Maizie, in the breathless voice that one uses in the presence of the mad, "Oh, I must be going!"

Recent Citizen

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

DARK and vivacious is the little woman, with a smile white as milk, who totes up five grocery items and announces the answer. The customer pays and hopes business will be satisfactory in the New Year.

"A New Year, eh?" she said with a shrug. "My gosh, they fly so fast, the years. It seems no time at all since I am a young girl. Nineteen, just pretty near, when I am married. And we're out here eleven year."

"Then you weren't born in Canada?"

"Oh no. The Campagna—outside of Rome—a good, long way out; in the fields. All my people there yet, if they're alive. God knows. My father, he's—let me think— he's seventy-six now; my mother, younger; maybe sixty-five. Three brothers too. The youngest, next to me, he was starting his soldier-service when we leave. At eighteen every boy go for eighteen months."

She sighed, though not gloomily, as she put the purchases in a large bag. "Not for three year have I heard of any of them. You would think it no trouble, even in war, to let come one little word, like Okay. But no; not even that. Some bad people use letters wrong, maybe; and the rest suffer. Oh, my gosh!"

She went on, after a few moments of silence. "My husband; his father dies just before the war start. His mother was to come out to us. But she get scare. She say, 'In five or six year anyway I die, and I like better to die on land than on water.' So she stay there. We don't know. Maybe she suffer a lot; maybe she die, and be better off, eh?"

The customer, thinking of the present macaroni ration and the fuel scarcity in Italy, said nothing, but thought volumes.

"This war," she resumed. "Oh, my gosh! Not the good people that start it, eh? But the good people have all the trouble, everywhere. A lot of men want to be, what you call it, Big Shots, eh? Same over there as here too. They have everything swell; big house, big car. Where they get it? Who knows? Maybe from me and you, eh? Then they want things in the next country and go to war. A lot of people get kill for them. Okay. After a while they die. A couple of thousand masses not much good for them fellers. What you think?"

The customer thought a couple of million would be all too few.

The milk-white smile flashed. "Maybe they go to Hell straight, and no stop-over. But that's no help for me and my three kids, and my people in Italy. When this war is over and letters start coming I'll be scare for what news they may bring. Oh, my gosh!"

The store-door opened to admit a bright-eyed ten-year-old girl in a ski-suit. "My little girl," said the mother, her head held high. "She go to school and do fine. Know more as me already. Hey, Giulia, did you 'phone about the bacon?"

"Yes, mother. They can spare only ten pounds of side-ends, at the same price. They said 'Happy New Year' to you."

The dark little woman smiled at the customer and shot up one shoulder. "Happy New Year? Oh, my gosh!"

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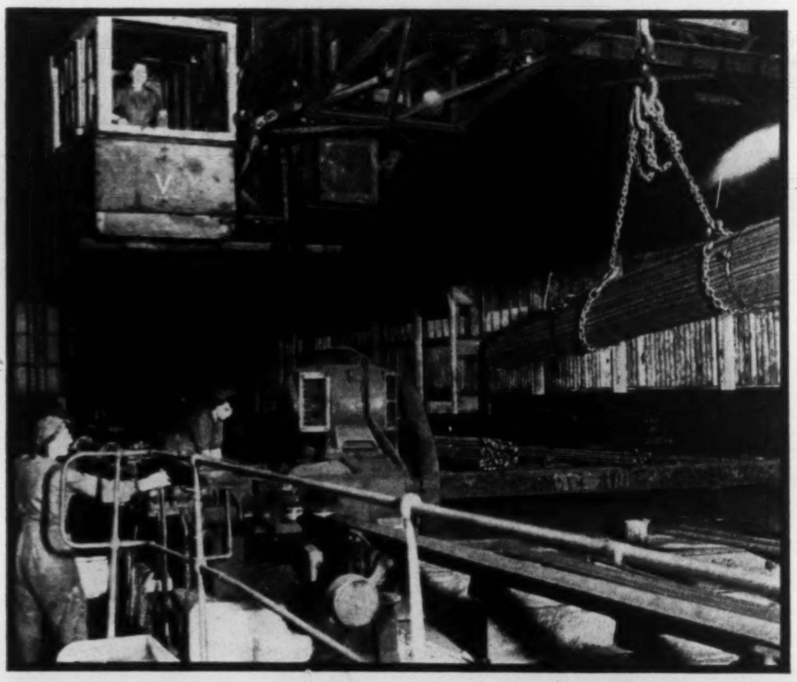
Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 9, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

The early months of 1943 are to see even greater use of British women in industry, according to current Labor Ministry plans. Already many thousands are doing men's work in heavy industry; in the steel mills more than 13 per cent of employees are women such as those shown here. Above: loading slag. As dirty a job as any the steel industry offers.



One-time housewives, these women now operate travelling crane and run a bar straightening machine while (below) others unload fire bricks.

(In Canada, too, the New Year has brought the prospect of a greatly increased part to be played by women in the nation's war effort. On August 1 there were 155,000 Canadian women in industry and, according to Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures, the percentage of women wage earners in factories has jumped by more than 18 per cent since 1940.)

Let's Look Before We Leap!

BY DON STAIRS

Before we decide on any plan of social reform based on the notion that "the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer", it would surely be well to look at the facts.

The records reveal an amazing rise in the general standard of living and diffusion of wealth during the last three or four decades.

Says the author: "Don't let's be satisfied to fight ourselves free of slavery to Hitlerism and be caught in the net of slavery to some other 'ism'."

I AM, I suppose, what most people would call an average business man. I am old enough to remember the era of gas lights, tin bathtubs, carpet beaters, chilblains, and saloons. I can recollect Christmas as a time when stockings were hung at the rear of a pot-bellied coal stove (a self-feeder) whose mica windows permitted the ruddy glow of the fire to escape and trace fanciful patterns on the ceiling and walls. An orange in the toe of those stockings once a year was considered a delight.

My first job, to which I walked to and fro some eight miles a day, yielded me $1.75 per week and my lunch. That went into the family coffers and there were times when I knew what it was to be hungry and cold.

It was a neighbor who stirred my early ambition to emulate him because he had achieved a competence, owned his cottage home, raised a family and found complete satisfaction in life on a wage of $50 per month. My eager efforts to attain this status in life led me to be vaguely aware of certain social inequalities which ultimately produced much mental disquiet and ferment. Socialism was talked about in those days and I even got to thinking I was a bit of a socialist without exactly knowing what it was or how it would work.

In the intervening years while I have had access to an abundance of socialistic and collateral reading material, I must confess I am still quite humble about having acquired any knowledge of a sure cure for our social ills. My reading of history hasn't yielded any evidence that humanity would have been any better off materially or spiritually had it adopted any of the current "isms".

Those who lived in the so-called "gay nineties" and who read these lines, know that the accumulation of savings either in the form of bank balances, investments, or life insurance was a slow, painful process for the many. This continent was then only on the verge of the development of rapid transportation and communication, and of machines for the rapid multiplication of wealth in the form of manufactured goods. Many today who are free in their condemnation of the social conditions of yesterday have no conception of the ugliness and petty miseries of life prior to 1900. It need not occasion any wonderment that the saloon was a popular rendezvous and alcohol considered an easy avenue of escape. The movies hadn't even become a gleam in any man's eye.

On the other hand, the churches were the main centres of social service and from them flowed the main stream of aid extended to the afflict-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

New Horizons for Oil

BY P. M. RICHARDS

LAST week we told here of the remarkable change taking place in the oil industry—its transition from a producer and refiner of petroleum to a mass producer of chemicals—and something of the new products that have already come into existence or are on the way as a result of technological progress in oil refining. This development has, of course, been under way for a number of years, but it is highlighted by the amazing new achievements made in response to the demands of war, such as the vital role played by petroleum in the development of synthetic rubber. The successes of chemistry in wartime mean that when industry reverts to peacetime production there will be a huge supply of new chemical creations to use for the enrichment of the world.

The greatest wonders in this direction will be in the field of petroleum, according to the writers of several articles in *Barron's* on the new wonders being opened up by synthetic chemistry. Petroleum will rival and probably pass coal as the primary source of molecules from which to build new organic chemicals; though, at the same time, new techniques will open new possibilities for coal tar. Petroleum has a tremendous advantage over coal as a chemical raw material because it contains literally thousands of different hydrocarbon compounds which the chemist can use as starting points, whereas coal contains only a score or so. From petroleum will come new plastics, better than anything we now have, new drugs, vitamins, textile fibres, new synthetic rubbers now in the test tubes, and synthetic fuels, which are not gasoline at all, for planes.

Magic Wand of the Catalyst

The magic wand of the catalyst will bring much of this to pass. A catalyst is generally a metal or a metallic compound whose presence has the mysterious property of making a chemical reaction take place without itself entering into the reaction. Chemists still do not know just how or why they work, but their knowledge of how to use them has advanced enormously in recent years through the use of X-rays and electron microscopes. Research has reached a point where it is possible for the chemist to get a sort of X-ray diagram of the probable molecular structure of the catalyst and then figure out which type is best for a certain job and what element should be added or subtracted to make it work better. This field of research is still in its infancy, but enough has been done to reveal untold possibilities for startling progress.

As evidence of what has already been accomplished through rearranging and tying together the chemical elements making up oil, this column told last week of the development of a method of successfully synthesizing toluene from petroleum, which has resulted in reducing the price of this basic ingredient of high explosives from $3 a gallon in the last war to 28 cents a gallon now.

Alcohol is another highly important product which is being made synthetically from petroleum in increasingly large quantities, and at such low cost, it is said, that ordinary commercial alcohol, obtained by fermentation, cannot compete with it. Isopropyl alcohol, a basic component of anti-freeze mixtures made from petroleum, is now quoted at 40 cents a gallon, in contrast to $2 a gallon in 1922. Only 37,500 gallons were produced in that year. Present production must far exceed the 27.5 million gallons produced in 1939. From this alcohol is also made acetone, from which stem numerous other industrial products. It is also highly important in rayon manufacture, and is used as an absorbent in acetylene tanks. When acetone was made from fermented alcohol, its price was about 20 cents a pound. Now it is quoted at 5 cents a pound.

A Great Number of Compounds

The great variety of alcohols derived from petroleum are important as solvents and extractants in the manufacture of lacquers and varnishes. They are also used in making synthetic resins, plastics, fibres and leathers, and in photographic films, printing inks, medicinal preparations, and explosives.

Another extremely important product of the oil industry is synthetic glycerine. A by-product of the soap industry, its output normally is limited by production requirements of soap makers. Its principal peacetime uses are in food manufacture, tobacco, cellophane coatings and resins. During wartime, however, it is highly important as a basis for explosives. It is noteworthy that its successful synthesis on a commercial basis has been achieved in the petroleum field at just the time when huge amounts are necessary. Responsible authorities have declared that this development is as important as the process of fixation of nitrogen from the air which was achieved by a German scientist in 1915, after Germany had been cut off from Chilean nitrates.

Ammonia is still another important chemical now produced synthetically from petroleum. It has very important uses as a fertilizer, as a purifier of water in large cities, as a refrigerant in cooling plants, and as a source of nitric acid from which explosives are also made. Styrene, an important ingredient for certain types of plastics and a starting point for a type of synthetic rubber, was formerly derived from benzol, a product of coke-oven operations, and can now be made synthetically from petroleum. Acetylene, a combination of hydrogen and carbon, is produced from a product of petroleum, propane. It, too, is a starting point for synthetic rubber, and as an industrial gas it is indispensable in innumerable war plants and factories.

All these products are only a few of a great number of compounds that are being produced or can be utilized for production of still further compounds. In the chemical age that is blossoming, petroleum will be a basic raw material.

The Growth of Wealth, and the Widening of Its Distribution

Years	Home Owners*	Building and Loan Shareholders	Security Owners	Savings Depositors
1900	7,254,081	1,495,136	4,400,000	5,370,000
1905	8,168,896	1,686,611	5,700,000	6,464,000
1910	9,083,711	2,216,912	7,400,000	9,005,087
1915	9,975,335	3,334,899	8,000,000	16,124,786
1920	10,866,960	5,026,781	12,000,000	22,415,148
1925	12,434,517	9,886,997	16,000,000	43,850,127
1930	14,002,074	12,336,754	22,000,000	52,729,432
1932	13,283,434	10,102,258	24,000,000	44,352,106

Years	Life Insurance Policy Owners	Automobile Owners	Total Adult Population	Per Cent Maximum No. Property Owners to Adult Population	Average No. of Property Owners Per Family
1900	7,725,000	8,000	42,313,501	18.25	.4
1905	12,182,000	77,000	49,689,433	24.51	.6
1910	16,159,000	458,000	53,409,527	30.25	.8
1915	23,163,000	2,310,000	58,612,148	39.51	1.0
1920	36,032,000	8,226,000	60,886,520	59.17	1.4
1925	52,798,000	17,496,000	68,231,082	77.38	1.8
1930	66,568,000	23,059,000	72,943,624	91.25	2.2
1932	63,350,000	20,886,000	74,144,268	85.44	2.0

*Families Owning Homes

Year	Non-Farm	Farm	Total
1890	2,923,671	3,142,746	6,066,417
1900	3,615,678	3,638,403	7,254,081
1910	5,245,380	3,838,331	9,083,711
1920	7,041,283	3,825,677	10,866,960
1930	10,503,386	3,498,688	14,002,074

ed in body and spirit. If the churches' social activities lacked the extensiveness of today's efforts of service clubs and organized relief, they at least had the important virtue of being conducted on an individual and personal basis and did help to impose a sense of obligation on the conscience of the individual and produce a sense of neighborliness which has all but disappeared today.

I constantly find myself checking an acute impatience with much of the current critical discussion of the social and economic conditions of the depression "Thirties" because of the total lack of comprehension on the part of the present generation concerning the rise in the standard of living that has taken place since the 90's and the increased diffusion of wealth amongst the many in the past three or four decades. We hear again and again of the millions of unemployed in the dreadful mid-thirties but nothing of the many more millions who *were* employed and in small businesses and on farms and whose standard of living may have suffered some but who really did not endure deprivation.

Fallacy vs. Fact

I am not unaware of the current belief so widely prevalent, that the full employment of wartime, which is in the main sustained by reason of a single customer, namely, the state, and the vast rising debt, can in some magic way be continued forever. I realize and understand the fallacy of such thinking and believe I know the answer for it but it has no place in these few lines that are devoted to a totally different task. It seems appropriate to me, however, when everyone has a diagram or blueprint for this world's ills and particularly when these are almost wholly at variance with each other, that we had better take a good look at a few solid facts. That, in this article, is all I ask. Just simple recognition of a few of the most pertinent facts, principally those relating to the general rise in the standard of living as indicated by unimpeachable records, concerning the ownership of wealth and property by the people at large.

Wartime taxation is helping to kill off the tag we used to hear, that "the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer". And yet this belief still exists today and underlies many of today's assumptions of the planners and architects of Utopia in spite of the fact that wage rates and wage incomes continue to reach all-time peaks.

So—let's take a flashback at the solid accomplishments of the three decades commencing with 1900. Here's a much abused period which included a major war and in its aftermath a major inflation which in turn was succeeded by a major deflation, world-wide in scope. These thirty years, that is, from 1900 to 1930, have been assailed for their record of capitalistic crimes and errors. They flowed by, interrupted by war, inflation and deflation, and also a great social experiment. It was thought that people could be kept sober by law and the "drys" tried to wean the "wets" from their tipple by a code which decreed "Thou shalt not". The recoil from this with its concomitant spur to bootlegging and crime seemed to teach us little or nothing with respect to trying to remold human nature by legalism. It did have one curious result. The state stepped in and appropriated this lush business of dispensing alcoholic beverages at a time when capitalists were being excoriated for profiteering, and is appropriating to itself profits equal to any garnered by the most ruthless of any of this continent's financial buccaneers.

Let's View the Record

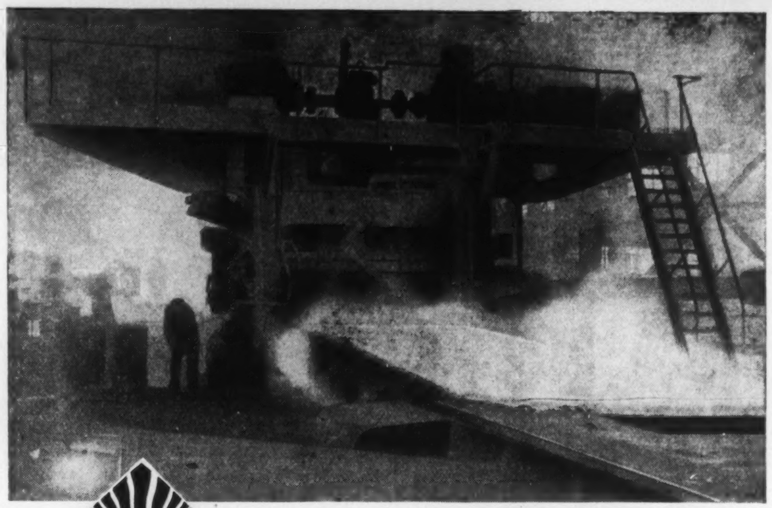
Now, let's look at the record. Americans love to accumulate statistics. They seem to have more money and energy in this direction than do Canadians. Back in 1935 Mr. Robert Rutherford Doane set himself a job to accumulate some excellent evidence about the national wealth of U.S.A. and its increasing diffusion. It's probable that about the same distribution took place in Canada.

We don't need to argue much at the moment about whether the "fat cats" got theirs or not. Let's see what happened to the fortunes of the many. If the reader will refer to the Annalist of July 26, 1935, he will there find a valuable piece of research which unfortunately never got a great deal of recognition. The information was accumulated from such unimpeachable sources as the United States Bureau of Census, Reports of the U.S. Building and Loan League, Annual Bulletin, Savings Bank Division, American Bankers' Association, Bureau of Public Roads, U.S. Department of Agriculture, etc. etc. We reproduce part of this statistical record which shows an utterly amazing picture of the widespread and increasing distribution of real wealth *not in terms of dollars which have a varying value* but in units of tangible wealth that leaves no argument as to the solid basis of the improvement in the lot of the common man which started about the year 1900. I have nothing very much to add except to suggest that interested readers should clip this out and lay it aside in the hope that someone else may continue the study for a further ten-year period up to 1940. In spite of all the woe and grief it is my firm belief that it would disclose a further increase in the total wealth and increasing diffusion.

Slaves to an "ism"?

It would be interesting at some future time and leaning very heavily on Mr. Doane, to go into this matter of the "increased diffusion of wealth" in greater detail. Until then may I conclude with a paragraph of his—a bright gleam to illuminate some of the murky thinking prevalent today. "It has indeed been this very diffusion (of wealth) that has vastly increased the degree of sensitiveness on the part of the general public to disturbance in money values. It has actually been an existing mass sharing of wealth that has now led to an unusually acute public consciousness of administration. *Slaves have never been greatly disturbed over the national wealth.*" A final thought—don't let's be satisfied to fight ourselves free of slavery to Hitler-"ism" and be caught in the net of slavery to some other "ism".

YES! STEEL MUST FLOAT..



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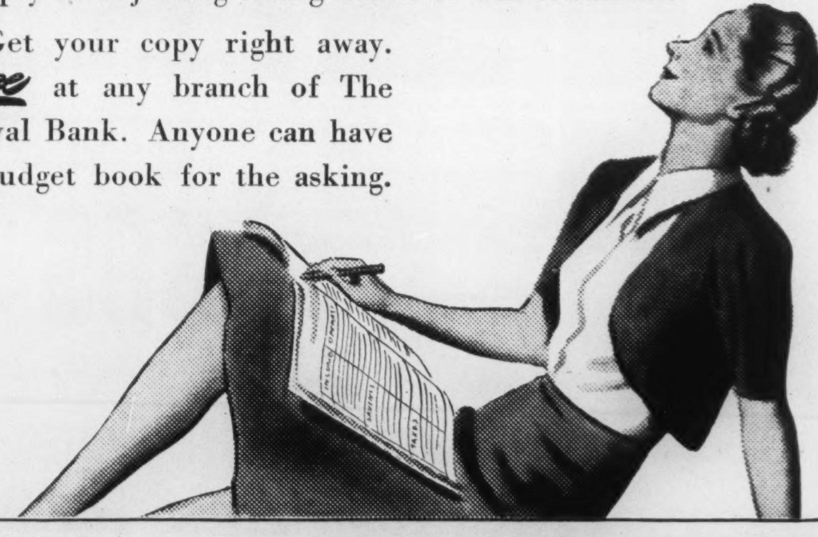

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

SANGAMO CO.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I note that Sangamo Co., Limited, has paid a dividend of 15 cents instead of the former 25 cents. Does this mean that the stock is now on a regular 15 cents quarterly basis? I had thought the company was doing well. What is its main line of production now?

—H. G. S., Toronto, Ont.

Yes, on December 21 the company paid a dividend of 15 cents a share on its capital stock in place of the 25 cents quarterly that had been paid since April 10, 1941, but I cannot say whether or not the 15 cents is now the regular quarterly rate. Per-share earnings for 1942 may prove to be somewhat below the 1941 figure of $3.15, on account of a considerable loss of time in transfer of operations from two plants in Toronto to the new comprehensive plant located at Leaside, but any such earnings decline would almost certainly not be sufficient in itself to cause the dividend reduction.

The explanation probably is that the company has had to make heavy expenditures on plant and equipment to take care of its expanded war business, on which it is now almost completely engaged, and wishes to conserve resources and build up working capital for war purposes and also to meet post-war requirements. It is interesting to note that the company paid a 50 cent quarterly dividend from September 1940 to the cut in April 1941, and that total payments of $1 per share in 1941 represented less than one-third of the per-share earnings in that year.

The company is producing electric meters, motors, time switches and various precision instruments.

BROULAN PORCUPINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you advise me if there is likely to be another dividend soon from Broulan Porcupine? I received six cents in 1942, as compared with nine cents in the previous year. A brief comment on earnings and the outlook will be welcomed.

—L. B. S., Weyburn, Sask.

Yes, directors of Broulan Porcupine recently declared a dividend of three cents a share payable January 15 to shareholders of record December 31. Such a declaration was somewhat unexpected in view of the intimation in November that the company planned to build up its current assets due to the uncertainties existing at the present time and that consideration of a further dividend would be made when it was possible to forecast the probable scale of operations and the financial position for the first half of 1943.

Due to an improvement in grade of ore milled, production for the fourth quarter of 1942 is estimated at slightly above the third quarter and therefore the highest for any quarter in the year. Net profit, after allowance for write-offs and taxes, is estimated at three cents per share for the fourth quarter, and at over 11 cents a share for the year.

The mine position is satisfactory and grade has improved steadily since the beginning of 1942. Commencing with a recovered grade of $6.30 a ton it rose to $6.80 in the second quarter and $8.30 in the third quarter. Net current assets at the end of the year are expected to be approximately $315,000, there being an estimated increase in the last quarter of $116,000.

HARDING CARPETS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Your comments on the report issued by Harding Carpets Limited would be appreciated by this subscriber. I have what is, for me, a good number of shares of this company, and am a little worried.

—F. H. T., Simcoe, Ont.

Like many other concerns in this wartime, Harding Carpets Limited had a difficult time in its fiscal year which ended October 31, 1942, with operations curtailed somewhat by the shortage of labor and materials. Fortunately, however, inventories enabled the company to cope to a considerable extent with the continued demand for merchandise and although operating profit was reduced from $314,647 to $230,190, dividends of $17,655 from its subsidiary, Guelph Carpet, and a reduction in tax provision from $185,000 to $98,000 enabled the company to show net results almost equal to those of 1941. For the latest year net retained income was $86,864 or 50 cents per share, in addition to which there was the refundable portion of E.P.T. of $3,600 or 2 cents per share, whereas in the previous year net income had been $94,099 or 54 cents per share.

Liquid position of the company was improved during the last year. Net working capital was increased from $246,196 to $261,072 and bank loans were cut from $279,000 to $222,000 as the result of a reduction in receivables from $213,386 to $146,278. In view of their importance at the present time, it is worth noting that inventories were practically unchanged at $544,789. Peacetime inventory, however, probably has been reduced for equipment is being turned over as much as possible to the manufacture of military fabrics.

B.C. PACKERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your view as to the profits likely to be reported by British Columbia Packers Limited on operations in its current fiscal year, and the dividends that may be expected.

—A. L. D., Trail, B.C.

In its fiscal year ended April 30, 1942, British Columbia Packers Limited enjoyed sales of $12,212,296.

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C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th January 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 1st February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD,
General Manager
Toronto, 28th December 1942

The Shawinigan Water and Power Company

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-three (23c) cents per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending December 31, 1942 payable February 25, 1943 to shareholders of record January 25, 1943.

By Order of the Board,
H. G. BUDDEN,
Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.
Montreal, December 28, 1942.

CANADIAN BREWERIES
LIMITED
DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares without nominal or par value in the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared payable on the 1st day of April, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 27th day of February, 1943.

By order of the Board.
W. C. BUTLER,
Secretary
Toronto, Ontario.
January 4th, 1943.

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sharply up from the previous year's figure of $7,852,985, and operating profits of $1,822,827 as against $740,454 a year earlier. Earnings per share of capital stock were $3.11, against $1.52.

The present indications are that the company will show favorable results for the fiscal year ending April 30 next, though not as good as those of the previous year. A dividend of 75 cents a share has been declared, payable on March 15 to record February 27. In March 1942 a dividend of $1.50 was paid. Although the latest dividend was not designated as a semi-annual distribution, it is assumed, in view of the declaration being made at this time, that the payment inaugurates a policy of considering dividends half yearly. It seems reasonable then, to anticipate a second dividend of 75 cents during 1943. In the absence of such an interpretation, shareholders might feel that the current declaration indicated a cut in the dividend of B.C. Packers. Incidentally, the payment of $1.50 made in March last was the first dividend on the capital stock since the reorganization of 1935.

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Gold and Dross

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly

NINE MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

On going through my safety deposit box I have come across a wonderful collection of "lemons" and would appreciate information as to whether any of these have a glimmer of hope for the future: McWatters, Wood Cadillac, Central Patricia, McKenzie Red Lake, Central Cadillac, LeRoy, Sequin Rouyn, Shawkey, Winoga Patricia.

—*S. L., Montreal, Que.*

Central Patricia and McKenzie Red Lake are the only stocks that stand out in the list you submit, although the outlook for Central Cadillac is brighter than it has been. Wood Cadillac appears likely to lose its property, and the hopes of locating new and important ore bodies at McWatters are almost exhausted.

Ore reserves at Central Patricia are sufficient for over three years' milling and results from recent exploration said to be favorable. Labor difficulties, however, have lowered the production and milling rate and earnings for the first half of 1942 were only 8.07 cents, as against 13.8 cents in the same six months of 1941. McKenzie Red Lake was never in better shape. Mine developments recently have been favorable and a new mine appears to be opening up in the northeast section of the property.

Conditions at Central Cadillac have been gradually improving through new ore indications and developments. Until recently the company has been barely able to meet expenses and is now endeavoring to step up production. Future prospects here depend on the extent to which the present rate of mine development can be maintained. Wood Cadillac shareholders were informed at the recent annual meeting that Mill Builders Ltd., who provided the structures and equipment, were seeking payment of approximately $300,000, owing on the contract. The company has no funds so the future does not look promising. At the time the property was closed down production was not sufficient to meet operating expenses, although development was beginning to show better results.

The grade of ore at McWatters has been declining for some time, ore reserves are limited and profits naturally have been affected. Ore reserves on hand are not sufficient for more than a year's milling. Production for the first nine months of 1942 was about the same as last year. I understand LeRoy Mines has no property of its own, but has a substantial interest in Roybell Mines, which company, however, is not active at present.

Sequin Rouyn was succeeded in 1937 by Sequin Consolidated Mines, but the latter company has reported no activity for some years. Shawkey proposed a reorganization some time ago but this was never put into effect due to the difficulty of raising finances. I understand the property and buildings have been maintained in condition for reopening.

Winoga Patricia sold its property in 1938 to Albany River Gold Mines for 220,000 shares, which were distributed to shareholders on the basis of one for ten. It still operates as a holding company, but no details of what the treasury holds have been made public.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND. American common stocks, after remaining in an accumulation area in 1941 and part of 1942, are now in an advancing stage with various technical indications pointing to this advance as being major in character.

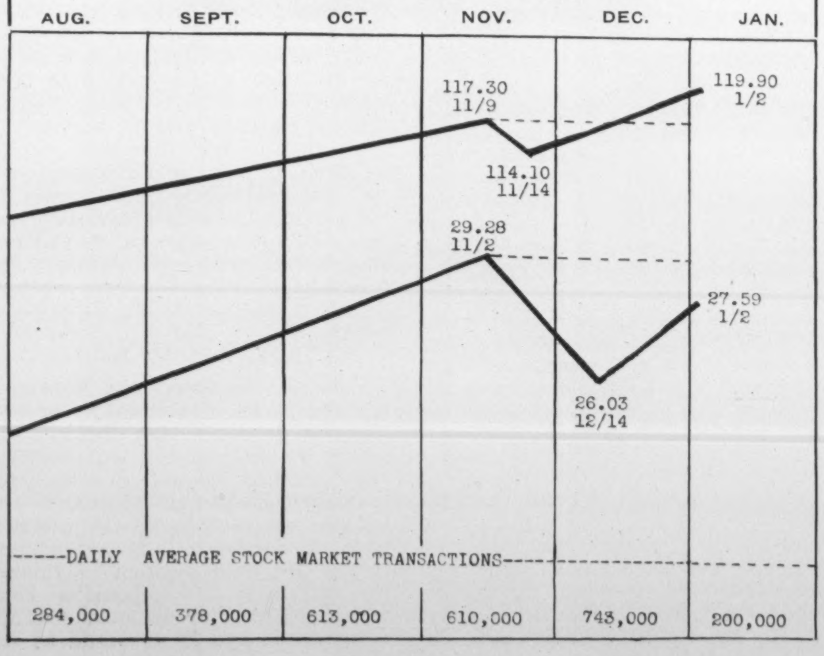
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

BUILDING OF CASH RESERVES NOW RECOMMENDED

Our Forecast of May 23, written when the averages were still within five points of their bear market low, projected a level of 120/125 in the Dow-Jones industrials as an objective for the rally then underway. This objective, as reiterated from time to time herein, has been regarded by us as a minimum level that the intermediate move from April should attain prior to culmination. Such zone, practically speaking, was achieved on Monday of last week when the industrials attained an extreme high of 119.96. While many factors call for market rallies attaining their maximum objectives, there can be no assurance that such rallies will move on to maximum objectives. This depends to a considerable degree on the news background following attainment of minimum figures. Maximum objectives for the move are estimated by us at 140/145.

For some weeks back we have advised against the purchase of stocks because of the proximity of the market to the aforementioned minimum objectives. Now that these objectives have been attained, and considering, also, the extent and duration of the rally, it would seem conservative procedure to start the building up of cash reserves. Accordingly, we would recommend that a per cent of stock holdings now be sold—say 20% for those (generally traders) whose ideal position would be that of being 100% out of stocks at an intermediate top, 10% for those (generally investors) whose ideal position would be that of being 50% out of stocks at an intermediate top. Further gradual or scale selling will be recommended should the market carry beyond minimum zones or should other evidences of active distribution be observed.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Five Sound Investment Suggestions

Security	Rate %	Maturity	Price*	Yield %
Canadian Pacific Railway Co.	3½	1951	98.25	3.75
Simpsons, Limited	4¼	1951	102.50	3.92
Massey-Harris Company Ltd.	4¼	1954	100.00	4.25
Dominion Steel & Coal Corp.	6¼	1955	110.00	5.18
St. Maurice Power Corp.	5	1956	100.00	5.00

*All prices quoted "and accrued interest".

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About Insurance

What Price Beveridge Plan and Who Pays?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Instead of attempting to amend the existing Social Insurance system in Great Britain, the Beveridge proposals are based on the principle that now, when the war is abolishing landmarks of every kind, is the opportunity for using experience in a clear field and that a revolutionary moment in the world's history is a time for revolutionary changes, not for patching.

Accordingly, what is recommended is a Social Security scheme which includes all citizens without any upper income limits but having regard to their different ways of life. While insured persons and employers will be called on to make their contributions, an increasing proportion of the total amount required will have to be provided by the State, that is by the general taxpayers.

AS THE far-reaching proposals of Sir William Beveridge, in his now celebrated Report, for the consolidation and enlargement of the present British system of Social Insurance become better known, one of the questions which will be receiving increased consideration is, where is the money to come from, under present and post-war conditions, to carry out his recommendations in the event they are adopted by Parliament.

There are those who hold that whatever is physically possible is also financially possible, and to them the problem of financing such a comprehensive plan of social security for everybody would theoretically present no difficulty. But there are others who, while admitting that such a plan could contribute materially to the well-being of the people generally, contend that it cannot be regarded as in itself the foundation of national prosperity, as national prosperity depends essentially upon maximum production and the maintenance of a high level of agricultural and industrial activity. Further, it is held, in an over-populated country like the United Kingdom prosperity also depends upon the fullest possible exchange of goods and services with other countries.

Counting the Cost

From that standpoint, it is argued that it would have been more in accord with realities if the Government's plans for effecting industrial and commercial recovery after the war had been made public, at least in a tentative or preliminary form, before giving so much publicity to a scheme which has been described as essentially one for the redistribution of the national income.

As one British editorial commentator says: "There is a temptation for us to skin our bear before we have hold of him. Is there not a tendency to make too much of the angle that the Social Security program is what our men in the Forces are looking for when they return? If we know anything of them, what they want is an opportunity for full activity and full lives—not just maintenance."

In order that the people of the United Kingdom will be informed as to what the cost would be of carrying out the social security proposals in the Beveridge Report, the British Government Actuary, Mr. J. S. W. Epps, has also made a report showing the amounts of the contributions which would be required from insured persons and employers and the amounts which would have to be provided by the general taxpayers over a period of years.

Contributions from insured persons and from employers are expected to start at £325,000,000 in 1945, to rise to £326,000,000 in 1955, and to fall to £319,000,000 in 1965, while the sum to be provided by the general taxpayers in 1945 would be £351,000,000, £418,000,000 in 1955, and £519,000,000 in 1965. The proportion of the aggregate amounts required to be raised by general taxation would be 50 per cent in 1945, 55 per cent in 1955, and 61 per cent in 1965.

Outgo and Income Estimates

A table is included showing the estimated expenditures under the scheme in 1945 and in 1965, and also the estimated income in each of these two years. Payments for retirement pensions would amount to £126,000,000 in 1945 and to £300,000,000 in 1965; payments for unemployment benefits would total £110,000,000 in 1945 and £107,000,000 in 1965; payments for disability, including industrial disability, would be £72,000,000 in 1945 and £86,000,000 in 1965; payments for other forms of social insurance would be £41,000,000 in 1945 and £42,000,000 in 1965; national assistance payments would be £44,000,000 in 1945 and £30,000,000 in 1965; children's allowances would be £110,000,000 in 1945 and £100,000,000 in 1965; cost of administration would be £24,000,000 in 1945 and £23,000,000 in 1965; cost of health service would be £170,000,000 in 1945 and the same amount, £170,000,000, in 1965. Thus the total estimated expenditure would be £697,000,000 in 1945 and £858,000,000 in 1965.

On the other hand, the estimated income from the contributions of insured persons would be £194,000,000 in 1945 and £192,000,000 in 1965; from employers' contributions, including industrial disability levy, the income would be £137,000,000 in 1945 and £132,000,000 in 1965; from interest on funds the income would be £15,000,000 in 1945 and the same amount, £15,000,000, in 1965; while the amount to be provided by the general taxpayers would be £351,000,000 in 1945 and £519,000,000 in 1965. Thus 61 per cent of the total sum required to meet the payments for benefits would have to be provided out of general taxes in 1965 as compared with 50 per cent in 1945.

Views are Those of Chairman

In order to be able to form an opinion as to what extent, if any, these far-reaching proposals represent the views of the British Government or any of the Government Departments, it is necessary to know something of the circumstances under which the Beveridge Report came to be written. On June 10, 1941, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister without Portfolio, announced in the British House of Commons that he had arranged with all the Departments concerned for a comprehensive survey of the existing system of social insurance and allied services which would be considered in due course by the Ministerial Committee on Reconstruction Problems, and that Sir William Beveridge had accepted his invitation to become chairman of an inter-departmental committee which would conduct the survey.

On January 27, 1942, he further announced that "it will be in the power of the committee to consider developments of the national insurance schemes in the way of adding death benefits with any other risks which are at present not covered by such schemes." Besides the chairman, Sir William Beveridge, the committee was composed of officials representing Government Departments, namely, the Home Office, the Ministry of Labor and National Service, the Ministry of Pensions, the Ministry of Health, the Treasury, the Board of Customs and Excise, the Department of Health for Scotland, the Assistance Board, the Reconstruction Secretariat, the Registry of Friendly Societies, and the Government Actuary.

At a later stage, however, it was felt that it was difficult for Government officials to commit themselves on issues of high policy involving their own Departments, and, after consultation with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister without Portfolio wrote the chairman as follows: "In view of the issues of high policy which will arise, we think that the departmental representatives should henceforth be regarded as your advisers and assessors on the various technical and administrative matters with which they are severally concerned. This means that the Report, when made, will be your own report; it will be signed by you alone, and the departmental representatives will not be associated in any way with the views and recommendations on questions of policy which it contains." Accordingly, the Report, which runs to nearly 300 pages, is signed by Sir William Beveridge alone.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to get a report on the financial standing of the Canadian Mercantile Insurance Company, whose head office is located in the Province of Quebec, I understand.

—L. F. M., Sudbury, Ont.

Canadian Mercantile Insurance Company, with head office at St. Hyacinthe, Que., was incorporated in 1909, and formerly operated under Quebec charter and license, but since 1937 has been carrying on business under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At December 31, 1941, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total assets were $1,780,143, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $493,490, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $1,286,653. Comparing this amount with the amount of its unearned premium reserve liability, $281,328, it will be seen that the company occupies a very strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted. Its paid up capital was $250,000, and there was a net surplus of $1,036,653 over capital, unearned premium reserves and all liabilities. All claims are readily collectable and the company is safe to insure with.

Editor, About Insurance:

I have been giving serious consideration to and am at the point of buying a $50. per month pension bond at age 55 from a large and reputable Canadian life insurance company. I have been disturbed, however, to read of the suggested Beveridge Social Security Plan in England and I am writing you to ask if, in your opinion, I would be wise to defer purchase of any such plan until such time as this proposed legislation is clarified and in action. In your opinion will this plan or the outcome of this suggested plan provide sufficient retirement income to the average individual to satisfy normal wants in old age; or, do you feel that it will always be necessary for a person to make his own arrangements, in addition to Social Security plan?

—R. F. M., Halifax, N.S.

Whether the Beveridge Report is adopted in its present form or not, there is no doubt that the average salary or wage-earner will want to make a more adequate provision for a comfortable old age than that provided under such proposals, which is bare maintenance, and accordingly if you are in a position to finance the purchase of a pension bond which will provide an income of $50 a month at age 55, it would be the part of wisdom in my opinion to take advantage of the opportunity to do so. It is by no means certain that the Beveridge Report recommendations will be adopted without amendment, or that, even if adopted in whole or in part in the United Kingdom, that any such scheme would come into effect in Canada.

Talk About Fires

The recent epidemic of serious fires in Boston, St. John's, Barrie, Quebec and Montreal makes FIRE and FIRE HAZARDS seasonable topics of conversation. But conversation without action pays no losses. Fire the Ravager never sleeps—be sure you have adequate Fire Insurance Protection, in the—

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1835

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA
Metropolitan Building
TORONTO

COLIN E. SWORD, Manager for Canada

NATIONAL SECURITY

FIRE, WINDSTORM, LIABILITY, ACCIDENTS, THEFT . . . all threaten a man's home, his income, his future.

Agents should see that all owners know about the protection offered against loss from these hazards . . . protection so vital to National Security—so essential to maintain a full contribution to the war effort.

"THE TWO CANADIANS" can be depended on to give able co-operation in placing this protection.

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
The CANADIAN INDEMNITY CO.
HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG

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Mutual Insurance Company
—ORGANIZED IN 1896—
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Surplus - - - - - - 1,735,148.47
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ABSOLUTE SECURITY
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THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD
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FOUNDED 1710
FIRE AND CASUALTY
Robert Lynch Stailing, Mgr. for Canada
TORONTO
EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

LAW UNION & ROCK INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
W. R. HOUGHTON, Canadian Manager
RIDOUT & STRICKLAND CO. LTD.
Toronto Agents

Comparative Prices of Unlisted Stocks

Compiled by A. J. Pattison Jr. & Co., Toronto.

DECEMBER 31

	1940 Bid	1940 Asked	1941 Bid	1941 Asked	1942 Bid	1942 Asked
INDUSTRIAL STOCKS						
Acme Farmers Dairy Pfd.	28.00	31.00	44.00	47.00	60.00	......
Andian National Corp.	27.00	28.50	29.50	31.50	18.00	21.50
Anglo Can. Telephone "A"	8.25	8.60	7.00	8.00	7.50	8.25
Anglo Can. Telephone 5½% Pfd.	45.00	48.50	......	42.50	40.00	43.75
Barrymore Cloth Pfd.	29.00	......	31.00	......	40.00	......
B.C. Pulp & Paper Com.	17.00	18.50	9.00	11.00	9.00	10.25
B.C. Pulp & Paper 7% Pfd.	68.00	72.00	60.00	70.00	63.00	67.00
B.C. Sugar	73.00	76.00	73.00	76.00	66.00	......
B.C. Tel. 1st Pfd.	......	......	......	......	103.00	......
Brown Co. New Com.	......	......	1.60	2.00	1.50	2.00
Brown Co. New Pfd.	......	......	29.00	32.00	23.00	24.50
Burns & Co. Ltd. "A"	2.75	4.00	4.00	5.50	5.00	7.00
Can. Wire & Cable 6½% Pfd.	106.00	108.00	107.00	109.00	107.00	109.00
Can. Goodrich Com.	1.25	......	1.25	......	2.00	......
Can. Industries "A" Com.	210.00	220.00	165.00	170.00	147.00	153.00
Can. Industries "B" Com.	202.00	206.00	165.00	170.00	147.00	153.00
Can. Industries 7% Pfd.	172.00	177.00	170.00	173.00	161.00	165.00
Can. Ingersoll Rand	77.00	81.00	70.00	77.00	61.00	65.00
Can. Motor Lamp "A" & "B"	2.25	......	3.25	......	6.50	8.75
Can. Westinghouse	43.00	46.00	41.00	43.00	37.50	40.00
Chase, A. W., 8.00 Pfd. Bonus	18.00	20.00	17.50	19.50	15.00	18.50
Colonial Realty Com.	......	......	......	......	2.50	......
Colonial Steamships Com.	......	......	33.00	36.00	47.00	52.00
Copeland Flour Units	15.00	......	14.50	16.50	15.00	17.00
Dunlop Tire 5% Pfd.	23.50	25.00	22.00	23.50	17.50	20.00
Easy Washing Machine 7% Pfd.	9.75	11.00	9.75	11.25	8.00	10.00
Federal Grain Com.	1.00	......	.50	1.00	1.20	1.60
Federal Grain 6½% Pfd.	31.00	34.00	34.00	36.50	44.00	48.00
Galt Brass Com.	......	......	9.50	......	10.00	12.00
Goderich Elevator	8.25	9.25	6.25	7.25	8.00	9.00
Guardian Realty Pfd.	16.00	18.50	10.00	12.50	12.50	15.00
Guelph Carpet Com.	19.00	......	18.00	20.00	13.00	16.00
Hart Battery Com.	......	......	......	......	5.25	......
Hayes Steel Prod. Com.	9.50	10.50	13.75	15.00	13.50	15.50
Highland Dairy Com.	1.00	2.00	1.00	2.00	......	2.00
Highland Dairy Pfd.	45.00	55.00	48.00	51.50	......	45.00
Kingston Shipbuilding Com.	......	......	......	......	11.50	13.00
Inglis, John	......	......	3.50	5.00	6.00	7.25
Industrial Acceptance Corp. Pfd.	85.00	89.00	......	89.00	......	82.00
Loblaw Groceterias Inc. Com.	12.50	13.50	11.50	13.00	11.00	13.00
Maritime Tel. & Tel. Pfd.	16.50	......	16.00	......	16.00	......
Minn. & Ont. Paper Com.	......	......	4.50	5.20	4.00	4.75
Morrow Screw Com.	10.50	......	12.00	16.00	14.00	16.00
Morrow Screw Pfd.	100.00	105.00	104.00	106.00	100.00	103.00
Neilson, Wm., Com.	......	......	10.00	......	10.00	......
Neilson, Wm., Pfd.	......	......	100.00	......	100.00	......
New Method Laundry 6½% Pfd.	53.50	60.00	56.00	59.00	74.00	......
North Am. Elevators 1st Pfd.	49.00	......	70.00	......	85.00	......
Office Specialty Pfd.	70.00	......	72.50	......	75.00	......
Ontario Tobacco Pfd. Bonus	14.00	17.00	18.00	21.00	16.00	18.50
Provincial Paper 7% Pfd.	105.00	107.00	100.50	102.75	93.50	97.00
Quinte Milk Products	......	......	2.25	3.50	2.50	3.50
Reliance Grain Com.	3.00	......	6.50	......	7.00	10.00
Reliance Grain 6½% Pfd.	67.00	71.00	70.00	......	78.50	......
Standard Fuel 6½% Pfd.	61.00	65.00	52.50	56.50	50.00	53.00
Stedman Bros. 6% Pfd.	56.00	59.00	57.00	60.00	53.00	56.00
Sutton Horsley	......	......	......	1.15	1.00	1.25
Toronto Carpet Com.	37.00	......	45.00	......	65.00	......
Toronto Carpet 6½% Pfd.	60.00	......	66.00	70.00	67.00	72.00
United Steel "A" Pfd.	22.50	24.00	21.50	23.50	23.00	24.50
Viceroy Mfg. Pfd.	22.50	25.50	22.00	25.50	23.00	......
Western Steel Prod. Com.	8.00	10.00	9.50	......	7.50	9.00
TRUST & LOAN STOCKS						
Commercial Finance Com.	2.50	3.25	4.00	......	6.50	9.50
Grey & Bruce Trust	......	......	43.00	......	45.00	......
Guaranty Trust	98.00	102.00	100.00	103.00	100.00	103.00
Guelph & Ontario Invest.	51.00	55.00	50.00	53.50	50.00	53.50
Lambton Loan	31.00	34.00	30.00	33.00	34.00	......
Midland Loan & Savings	13.50	16.00	14.00	16.00	14.00	16.00
Premier Trust	60.00	65.00	40.00	43.00	24.00	27.50
Sterling Trust	56.00	......	51.00	......	51.00	53.00
Trusts & Guarantee (New)	50.00	55.00	37.50	41.00	28.00	31.00
Waterloo Trusts & Savings	98.00	102.00	100.00	......	100.00	......
INSURANCE STOCKS						
Canada Life Assurance Div. $20	385.00	397.00	370.00	380.00	300.00	327.50
Canadian Fire Insurance	78.50	......	78.00	82.00	70.00	78.00
Confederation Life 30% Pfd.	135.00	145.00	125.00	135.00	125.00	131.00
Consol. Fire & Casualty	......	......	3.75	......	3.75	......
Crown Life fully pd.	253.00	278.00	265.00	285.00	250.00	264.00
Dominion Fire Insurance	135.00	......	138.00	145.00	131.00	136.00
Dominion Life 50% Pfd.	250.00	300.00	200.00	250.00	177.00	200.00
Dominion of Canada General Insurance	120.00	135.00	115.00	120.00	120.00	125.00
Excelsior Life 38% Pfd.	70.00	......	70.00	74.00	67.00	72.00
Federal Fire 25% Pfd.	51.00	53.00	52.50	56.00	53.00	56.00
Great West Life	200.00	215.00	195.00	205.00	210.00	222.00
Guar. Co. of N.A. fully pd.	380.00	......	350.00	......	220.00	......
Halifax Fire Insurance	17.00	20.00	17.00	18.50	14.25	15.25
Imperial Life	280.00	300.00	265.00	280.00	240.00	265.00
Manufacturers Life	225.00	240.00	215.00	225.00	210.00	222.00
Sun Life Assurance	300.00	350.00	290.00	310.00	220.00	250.00
Wellington Fire Insurance	58.00	......	58.00	......	58.50	......
Western Assurance Com.	40.00	42.00	43.00	46.00	36.25	38.50
INVESTMENT TRUST SHARES						
Canadian General Investments	8.00	8.25	7.25	7.75	7.75	8.50
Canadian Investment Fund	3.35	3.75	3.00	4.00	3.30	3.80
Canadian Investors Corporation	5.25	6.00	5.00	6.00	4.25	......
Debenture & Securities Pfd.	58.00	......	60.00	......	61.50	......
Securities Hold. Pfd. bonus	18.00	20.00	18.00	20.00	17.00	19.00
Third Canadian General Investments Trust	......	......	......	......	1.50	1.70
POWER ISSUES						
Calgary Power 6% Pfd.	101.00	......	100.00	103.00	99.00	103.00
Can. West. Nat. Gas L.H. & P. Com.	24.00	......	27.00	......	25.00	......
Can. West. Nat. Gas L.H. & P. Pfd.	102.00	......	102.00	......	102.00	107.00
Inter Utilities $1.75 Pfd.	15.00	......	15.00	......	7.00	11.00
Montreal Island Power Pfd.	21.00	......	41.00	......	41.00	......
Northern Ontario Power 6% Pfd.	70.00	80.00	70.00	75.00	70.00	75.00
Nova Scotia Light & Power Com.	94.00	......	95.00	......	95.00	......

COMPARATIVE PRICES OF UNLISTED BONDS—DECEMBER 31

	1940 Bid	1940 Asked	1941 Bid	1941 Asked	1942 Bid	1942 Asked
INDUSTRIAL BONDS						
B.C. Pulp & Paper 6's '50	88.50	92.00	93.00	96.00	89.00	......
Brown Co. 5½'s '46	......	......	69.50	71.50	76.50	79.50
Burns & Co. 5% 1958	57.00	59.00	72.00	74.00	77.00	79.50
Can. Locomotive 6's '53	90.00	92.00	100.00	103.00	99.50	102.00
Can. Theatre 5's '51	49.00	52.00	56.00	......	65.00	......
Can. Vickers 6% 1947	50.00	......	91.00	93.00	98.50	101.00
Dominion Woollens 6's '53	95.50	97.50	97.00	99.00	98.00	100.00
Eastern Dairies 6's '49	82.00	84.00	79.00	82.00	83.00	......
Galt Brass 5's '50	60.00	65.00	90.00	......	95.00	......
Goodrich, B. F., Can. 7's '43	......	......	......	......	103.00	......
Gurney Foundry 5½'s '49	67.00	69.00	87.00	89.00	84.00	88.00
Industrial Acceptance 4's '52	86.00	89.00	79.00	81.00	85.00	......
International Hydro Electric 6's '44	60.00	......	34.00	36.00	47.00	49.50
Maple Leaf Milling 3-5½'s '58	......	......	78.00	80.00	95.00	98.00
Mercury Mills 5's '59	92.00	95.00	94.50	97.00	96.00	100.00
Minn. & Ont. Paper 5's '60	75.00	77.00	96.00	98.00	103.00	105.00
Montreal Drydock 6's '48	41.00	44.00	83.00	86.00	85.00	88.00
New Method Laundry 4% Serial	98.00	100.00	94.00	97.00	92.50	......
Sterling Coal 6's '45	95.00	......	97.00	......	99.00	......
Stop & Shop 3's '47	60.00	......	54.00	56.00	60.00	64.00
Twin City R.T. 5½'s '52	67.00	69.00	72.00	74.00	95.50	98.00
United Corps. 5's '53	93.00	95.00	91.00	94.00	94.00	97.00
United Grain Growers 5½'s '49	99.00	101.00	101.00	......	101.00	......
Western Grain 6's '49	50.00	52.50	67.00	69.00	71.50	74.50
REALTY BONDS						
Adelaide Peter 6½'s '48	29.00	32.00	26.25	29.00	40.00	44.00
Adelaide Sheppard 7's '48	21.00	23.00	23.00	25.00	22.00	25.00
Albert Bay 6½'s '42	53.00	57.00	53.50	......	59.50	61.75
Alexandra Apt. 3's '58	......	......	......	......	50.00	53.00
Ancroft Place 4's '56	......	......	42.50	44.50	46.50	50.00
Balfour Bldg. 6's '43	35.00	40.00	40.50	......	46.00	......
Bay Cumberland 6½'s '44	......	......	......	......	18.00	21.00
Bloor St. George 7's '46	33.00	36.00	43.50	46.00	46.50	49.50
Clarendon Apartments 7's '46	17.50	19.50	26.25	29.00	24.00	26.50
Clarendon Prop. 7's '47	17.50	19.50	26.25	29.00	24.00	26.50
Ellis Park Apartments 4½'s '45 W.S.	......	......	53.50	......	63.00	65.50
General Brock Hotel 3's '54	26.00	30.00	36.00	......	35.00	38.50
Godfrey Realty 6's '42 W.S.	52.00 & Int.		52.00	54.00	53.00	56.00
Lombard Realty 2½'s '51 W.S.	25.00	28.00	26.50	28.50	26.00	27.50
London Realty 6½'s '50	91.00	93.00	93.00	95.00	96.00	......
Lord Nelson Hotel 4's '47	......	......	49.00	51.00	50.00	......
Ontario Bldg. 3½'s '43	33.00	36.00	44.00	......	41.00	45.00
Oshawa Bldg. 3-4's '53	......	......	......	......	59.00	62.00
Prince Edward Hotel 4's '47	......	......	......	......	35.50	38.00
Richmond Bay 6½'s '47	96.50	......	98.00	101.00	96.50	98.50
Stock Exchange 6's '44	......	......	......	......	46.00	......
Wellington Bldg. 6½'s Serial	49.00	......	55.00	......	61.00	......
Windsor Arms 6½'s '47	93.00	......	93.00	95.50	97.00	99.75
Windsor Court Apt. 6½'s Serial	......	......	......	......	41.00	44.00

At Stalingrad: Red Army riflemen routing Nazis from their positions.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

CANADA'S gold production during 1942 was around $185,000,000, according to preliminary estimates. This compares with close to $206,000,000 in 1941. This big decline was borne largely by the mines of Ontario where output during 1942 was nearly $18,000,000 below that of 1941.

•

Gold mines in the province of Quebec produced $42,400,000 during 1942, actually exceeding the former record established in 1941. This was attributed to smaller voluntary enlistment of men into the armed forces.

•

Canada's total mineral production for 1942 was somewhat smaller than earlier unofficial estimates suggested. The indications are that output was around $564,000,000. This is a new record, and compares with the former record of $560,000,000 established in 1941. However, the increase does not measure up to earlier expectations when the outlook was that $600,000,000 might be reached. It was generally believed the value of copper, nickel and other base metals would rise sharply. However, the combined increase in value of copper, zinc, nickel, and lead was little more than $1,400,000 during the year. As to this, some very large additions were made to reduction works and toward extension of development,—to the end that a substantial rise in output of the base metals may be expected during the new year just beginning.

•

Manitoba's mining industry produced $14,643,000 during 1942, compared with $16,689,000 in 1941. The decline was due largely to lower output of copper and zinc. However, the chief source of output of these metals lies astride the boundary between the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and it is noted that a rise in output occurred in Saskatchewan.

•

The mineral industry of Saskatchewan reported production of $19,613,000 in 1942 compared with $15,000,000 in 1941.

•

British Columbia's gold mines suffered a decline in output from $23,400,000 in 1941 to $18,200,000 in 1942. The mineral industry as a whole, however, about held its own with total output of $76,665,000 in 1942 compared with $76,840,000 in 1941.

•

In all parts of Canada there was a substantial rise in output of scarce and strategic metals. Due to wartime regulations the details are unavailable.

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It was the United States, Great Britain, and Russia that erected a bulwark of gold. It was Germany, Italy and Japan which undertook the task of tearing it down. If who wins, what?

•

Additional mines have signed agreements for collective bargaining with their employees through working committees formed some time ago. This development of harmony and understanding between companies and employees has now extended all across the mining fields of Northern Ontario and Quebec. This development is in keeping with suggestions put forward by the government at Ottawa nearly a year ago and is expected to be a bulwark against disturbing outside influences.

•

Lake Shore, in the first quarter of its fiscal year, milled over 1,000 tons of ore per month and the ore yielded $14.98 for a total of $1,391,799. By unusual coincidence the operating expenditures were $7.49 per ton, thereby leaving exactly the same amount, $7.49 per ton as operating profit. This profit was at a rate of over $1.39 per share annually, before allowing for taxes and depreciation. This is regarded as a very impressive achievement because of the fact that the plant is operating at only 40 per cent capacity due to various causes, chief of which is shortage of labor and supplies caused by the war.

•

Nickel Offsets has commenced sinking again, extending its shaft from a depth of 530 ft. to an objective of 1,250 ft. Financing for this program was recently completed.

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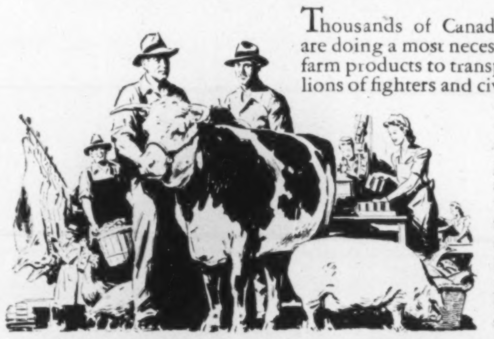
Miners in general, like all others, are keeping an eye on the trend of the war. The blatant Hitler of two or three years ago is now likened to a jabberwocky. Meanwhile the strength of the United Nations of free men is gaining day by day. It is only necessary to recall the picture at the close of 1940, and even 1941, and to compare the cloudy vale with the brighter horizons of the beginning of 1943. The contrast thus portrayed is a measure of the tide of rising hope that all will be well again with the mining industry in the not too distant future.

Food for War

Preserved, Packed and Shipped

Thousands of Canadian men and women are doing a most necessary job of converting farm products to transportable food for millions of fighters and civilians overseas. Much credit is due those working in canning, dehydration, curing, packing, refrigerating, and shipping. With war industries and their workers the Bank of Montreal is working helpfully by supplying the kind of banking service suited to the times



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The Allies' Supply Centre in the Middle East

BY D. G. JOHNSTON

Planning and co-ordination on the largest scale has been applied by the British Government to maintain economic security in the fourteen countries of the Middle East.

The area affected is larger than the United States; the population, about eighty million. A central Board, while restricting imports to save shipping encourages local production.

WHEN the central Mediterranean was closed to Allied shipping by the collapse of France and Italy's entry into the war, the long Cape route to the countries of the Middle East imposed a great strain on shipping resources, quite apart from the shipping required for military purposes. The Middle East Supply Centre was set up by the British government in April 1941 to ensure that there should be the greatest economy in shipping space and yet that the countries of the Middle East should be denied none of their essential supplies.

Without in any way infringing sovereignty, imposing rationing or "ruling," the M.E.S.C. took into account the varying needs of about 80 million people in an area larger than the U.S.A., including territories varying from independent states to colonies and occupied enemy territory and populated by people with a great variety of different needs—the citizens of Cairo, the nomads of Arabia and the thousands of small peasant farmers. The original countries in the M.E.S.C. territory included Egypt, Sudan, Palestine, Transjordan, Cyprus. There have since acceded to it Aden, Syria and Lebanon, Iraq, Persia, Saudi Arabia, Eritrea, British Somaliland and Ethiopia. For certain purposes Turkey and Malta come within it.

Senior American and British officials take turns to act as Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of the day to day business. The Council comprises all British and American authorities in all the countries and meets every six months under the Minister of State.

A Wise Combination

The M.E.S.C. works by a combination of planning and commercial freedom. It seeks to blend the advantages of private enterprise and the experience of existing forms of international trade with the kind of planning which only a public authority can undertake. Its work falls broadly under three headings—developing local production of indispensable commodities; estimating and assisting the essential sea-borne imports and establishing control to eliminate unessential imports. The whole idea is to see that with the minimum use of shipping the maximum satisfaction is given to the needs of the civil population in the area.

Only a few commodities have been "pooled", including cereals, sugar and fertilizers which impose a severe strain on shipping and port facilities. Otherwise imports continue to come through the usual trade channels. One of the greatest efforts of the M.E.S.C. has been to increase home food production, so as to reduce imports. The tremendous changes it has brought about can be gathered from the statement that the amount of cotton now grown on the fertile Nile land is only one-third that in pre-war days. The land has been given up to food production. No fertilizers may be imported for cotton growing. In Persia a number of agricultural schemes have been started. One covering 24,000 acres will be carried out chiefly by British personnel. In Syria, there is a Tractor Board to ensure the most efficient use of the available machinery. These are only samples of the type of work initiated or encouraged. The result in the "under-cultivated" areas will be far reaching—political insecurity for centuries has resulted in one area, for instance, having its population reduced from 12 millions to 100,000. Political and economic security will result in expansions again.

Numerous examples could be given of industrial development schemes under the M.E.S.C. designed to save shipping and yet keep the countries supplied with necessities. A few must suffice: A plant has been set up in Iraq for crushing oil seeds grown there and thus saving the import of vegetable oils from India and Ceylon. Canning plants have been set up in Egypt. Waste sulphuric acid in Palestine and Egypt is being turned into superphosphates. Battery production in Palestine is now sufficient to supply all the needs of the Middle East. Increased production of Palestine's potassium chlorate has permitted Persia to increase the manufacture of matches. Paper production has been started in Egypt by a plant completed last June—virtually the first paper made in the country. Palestine is manufacturing window glass for the Middle East.

These are only examples of the ways in which the industries of the various countries have been expanded to meet each other's needs. They show the way in which the economy of a whole sub-continent can be welded to the mutual benefit of all the countries in it. This is in striking contrast to Hitler's "New Order" with its idea of a "master nation" to whose needs everything else must be bent, and its principle of plunder. The activities of the M.E.S.C. extend even to co-operation in the attack on locusts, one of the greatest menaces to agriculture in all the territories. An Anti-Locust organization has been set up and the campaigns in the various countries are co-ordinated. The co-operation of the countries, particularly Arabia and Ethiopia has enabled the breeding places of the locusts to be tracked and attacked.

The changes in the economy of the Middle East have been introduced primarily as a wartime measure, but it is inconceivable that they should disappear at the end of the war. At the moment, the developments completely repudiate the charges that Britain and the U.S. are interested in economic Imperialism — local capital, enterprise and management have been deliberately encouraged to develop local resources. Any post-war disadvantages to British or U.S. suppliers will be offset to them both by the advantages of stability, prosperity and agricultural development in this great region which has long been one of the world's economic "derelict areas."